

# The Herald of the Star.

VOL. III. No. 6.

June 11th, 1914

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As The Herald of The Star proposes to include articles from many different sources on topics of widely varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the "Herald" in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of The Star in the East, may stand.





(By G. S. Arundale.)

READERS will remember that I put a question in last month's Starlight as to how the message of the Order might be usefully spread among the poor, how practical Star work might be done. I have received the following interesting letter from a member, the contents of which

might well be put into practice:

I received a notice about the Friends of the Poor Holiday Fund this morning. Do you think we could prepare among the poor for the coming of the Lord by sending a subscription each year from the Order as a whole to give some poor people a rest and change in the country? If every member of the Order in Great Britain gave only a penny, we should get £8 odd, which would give eight women or sixteen children a country change every year. We could do this in connection with this Society, and ask them to let us know the names of the children or mothers whom we were sending away, and we could write and tell these about the Coming and the Order, send them Heralds and pamphlets, and meet them at the station when they got back fit and well. Our little fund might be called 'The Star Fund,' and each person benefitting by it would be told about the Order, and perhaps someone will write a special article for poor people showing how the World-Teachers have loved the poor in the past, and telling of the Message of the future, where every child will have an opportunity to become a useful member of the State.

"A Plea for fresh air and holidays for the sick and ailing amongst the deserving poor":

"We have it in our lives to put untold gladness and help into the lives that every day touch ours.

"Every year we find we urgently need more and more funds to give a good country holiday to some of the sick and suffering among the families of the Deserving Poor, to whom a real change of air and scene means the only chance of restoration to health.

"In the miserable alleys and close rooms in which they, alas, too often drag out their lives, once seized by illness, they have small chance of recovery, yet frequently the maintenance of the family depends entirely upon the sick breadwinner.

"We provide Invalids with nourishment, and when convalescent send them away for

rest and fresh air.

"We give those real heroines, the underfed and overtasked mothers, a fortnight's holiday in the country or by the sea with their little ones.

"We send away pale and weakly children to regain health and strength, thus saving many from becoming life-long sufferers.

"If only those who give could see the wonderful change thus wrought in the appearance of the invalids on their return, they would feel their money had indeed been well expended."

"Life on Mars" was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered recently before the members of the Occult Club by Professor A. Bickerton, President of the London Astronomical Society.

Professor Bickerton said that the snows of the mountains on Mars are being used to provide water for the canals and for irrigation purposes in the desert portions of the planet. Life there is so advanced that there is a perfect state of communism, there being no sections or sects, but all people working on a one-family basis. In their endeavours to spread their psychic powers the Martians are trying to communicate with the people of this earth by means of enormous dynamic forces which give great flashes of light. He expressed the opinion that the development of psychic powers will make humans superhuman, with six or seven senses. He predicted that in the future, not too remote, earth men will be in communication with Mars.

The action of the Rev. E. W. Lewis, M.A., B.D., in deciding to renounce his living as pastor of the King's Weigh House Church, valued at £600 per annum, in order to seek personal poverty and the simplest kind of life, is perhaps one of the signs of the coming times. Mr. Lewis has "felt for some time the incongruity between the position of being a man of God and the position of being a comparatively highly salaried, comfortably conditioned official in organised religion, and, unlike most people, does not attempt to explain the incongruity away. Whether Mr. Lewis's action is wise or not does not in the least matter, he has made a deliberate attempt to begin to tread the Christ life, and may thus have earned the right to join the ranks of His Servants when He comes back again to this world. How many modern priests would have answered to the call of John the Baptist, had they lived at that time, is seen by the attitude of most of them to the Order of the Star in the East to-day, but I imagine Mr. Lewis will find that what he loses in physical comfort he will gain in spiritual certainty, and the man who seeks to put his preaching into practice in a world like ours, with its conventions and querulous disapproval of all that is not hall-marked by its own standard, is one who is well on the way to know that other world in which the Great Teachers dwell.

I do not know what view most members of our Order take with regard to the problem dealt with by Principal Hadow in the subjoined report, but my own experience teaches me that he has taken the only attitude possible provided that those who teach are full of the high responsibilities of their office. Frankly, I have not met many teachers, either in the East or in the West, who have sufficient of the reverent spirit to enable them to surround the sex question with a suitable atmosphere, and this is the great drawback to its introduction into the minds of young people. When the State learns to pay its teachers more highly than members of any other profession, makes intellectual knowledge secondary, and power of inspiration primary, selects as teachers those who

are fit to be called the trustees of the nation's future, and not those who merely take up teaching because there is nothing better that they can do, then the problem of teaching such subjects will have ceased to be a problem. In the meantime, something should be done, but only those teachers ought be allowed to deal with the subject who are teachers because they love the teaching profession above all others, and have come to it because it gives them the greatest happiness they can conceive.

The report is as follows:-

"Delegates attending the Imperial Health Conference and Exhibition at South Kensington gained much useful information the other day, in the course of the discussion concerning the problems relating to the care of child life.

"Presiding at the morning session, when a debate on 'Infancy and Health' took place, Principal W. H. Hadow said infant mortality was the sensitive index of the social welfare of the people. Sketching what seemed to him to be the possible ideals at which they should aim, he said first that all children of suitable age should be taught frankly, openly, and reverently the great facts of their origin. Hitherto, from motives which they must admire, but the wisdom of which they must question, the knowledge had been withheld, and children had grown up, not only in ignorance, but in a condition of furtive half-knowledge which was worse than ignorance.

"He agreed with the London County Council that such subjects could not properly be taught in the elementary schools, but at a later age—say at sixteen or seventeen—he did most firmly believe that all young people should be taught to think cleanly and healthily about the great laws at the apex of which stood the Divine relationship between parent and child. Principal Hadow also urged the necessity of longer periods of training for midwives and better pay for them. It was as absurd, he added, to ask school teachers to educate children who were sickly, diseased, and ill-fed as it would be to ask an orchestral conductor to direct a band of which every instrument was out of tune."

I take from the English Mechanic and World of Science, May 22nd, the following significant pronouncement by Sir Oliver Lodge:—

"Sir Oliver Lodge was the speaker last Sunday at the sixth anniversary of the Sparkbrook Men's Meeting at the Stratford Road Baptist Church. He took as his subject 'The Largeness of Existence.'

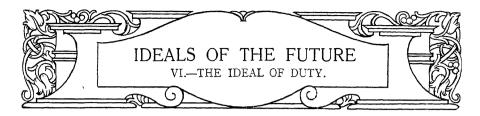
It was a thing which continually impressed itself upon him in his studies, he said-the largeness and comprehensiveness of existence. He did not mean merely the size of the universe, though that, when they comprehended it, was quite appalling, for it seemed to be infinite. They must be impressed, too, with the smallness and insignificance of the planet on which we lived, and the smallness of men, and yet of the magnitude of man, inasmuch as these worlds had been apprehended by him, and as he was one of those for whom these worlds, or this world at any rate, possibly existed. As there was no boundary to space, so he could conceive no end to time. As there was no end, so there was no beginning. He meant also the fulness of existence, the beauty of existence. The more one looked into the world the more beautiful it was. It was a revelation of the magnificence of the mind that had conceived it and brought it into being, for it was impossible to imagine that all these things originated without being conceived in a mind. When man created a work of art, it often fell short of his conception of it. He wondered if this world were at all inferior to what the Creator would have liked to produce? The answer to that question was not an easy one. The inequalities, the pains, the suffering, the diseases, the faults, the sins, the crimeswere they part of the Divine conception? Were they all brought into existence as part of the plan? It was difficult to say 'Yes,' it was difficult to say 'No.' The answer was contained in the words 'free will.' might venture to say it would have been easy for the Creator to produce a perfect world, a world that was bound to go right, so long as He was content with a mechanical world, but He had higher conceptions than that. He had a conception of producing beings akin to Himself, beings with free will and power of choice, ability to go wrong as well as to go right. It was worth the cost for the destiny of man. Where man had not spoiled the face of the world it was very beautiful, and where man lived he had the power to make it beautiful if only he would exert himself and realise that it was his duty and privilege.

"Men did make beautiful works of art now, but they made also horrid slums. The places where they lived were not beautiful,

though they ought to be, and no doubt some day would be. Beauty was a thing to which we in this country were far too blind. It was one of the attributes of God. All this was comprehended in the largeness and fulness of existence. One way in which it was revealed to us was through our senses. They gave us some understanding, but we had to eke it out by intuition and by mental grasp and study, and by making use of the intuitions and inspirations of great men. When one came to higher things—the mind, the soul, the spirit—the senses utterly failed to tell anything. We had got hold of a glimmering of them by higher faculties. That knowledge was growing. It was only in its infancy; it could hardly be called knowledge; it was groping. Some people said the universe was limited to the material. They took a narrow view of things. He did not think it likely they knew all about it. He conceived it extremely probable that there was some mind in the universe that knew more about these things than men. though man's mind was enlarging gradually in spite of some relic of philosophic materialism which was not unwholesome. It was not common-sense, he held, to suppose that man was the highest organism in creation. Was it likely that in the universe there was nothing higher than man? If they once crossed the boundary above man, there was no stopping until they got to God. As there were grades of existence below man, so he believed there were grades of existence above man, and he believed these existences were real, operative, active. If anyone asked them, as people sometimes did, to prove the existence of God, he should say, 'Don't attempt it.' They could not prove it. As Tennyson said, there was nothing worthy of proving that could be proved. But let them ask if they thought man was the highest intelligence in the whole of the universe. If the questioner once admitted there was a higher being than man they had got him. They could not stop after that. It was a parable, but he did not think it was an extreme one, that we were corpuscles in the blood of the cosmos."

I make no apology for the length of the quotation, and commend to the notice of members Sir Oliver Lodge's statement that "as there were grades of existence below man, so he believed there were grades of existence above man, and he believed these existences were real, operative, active."

Another sign of the times.



F all the religions of the world, the Hindu is, perhaps, the one which has raised to the highest pinnacle the thought of Duty, and has worked out most fully its meaning in the various relations of life. The word Dharma is that by which the Hindu expresses it, and Dharma means much more than duty. It involves a recognition of the man's past, by which he has come to be what he is; as he has evolved through many lives under the steady pressure of law, he has reached a certain point at which he is now standing, and his next step forward, the one for which he is best fitted, and by which he will make the best progress of which he is capable, is pointed out for him by the results of that past working of the law which guides his evolution. To take that step is his Dharma. His past has associated him with many individuals, with some whom he has wronged, with some by whom he has been wronged; to discharge all the obligations which his past relations with them have imposed upon him is his Dharma. By the fulfilment of his Dharma can further progress best be made, and to learn to understand his Dharma and then conscientiously to perform it is, verily, to each the way to happiness and to safety. The man's Dharma is not affected as to obligation by the failure of others to perform their's towards him. It is not a matter of contract, in which a breach on one side justifies a breach on the other. It is a matter of imperious obligation, and for any violation of it he must answer to his conscience and to his destiny.

Duty is that which we owe to some one or something outside ourselves, an obligation which honour compels us to discharge. The Inner Ruler commands, and His command carries with it the sense of obligation: we

ought to do such and such a thing. Dis obedience to this sense of obligation brings with it a feeling of dissatisfaction, of disharmony, of inner conflict-a real conflict between the lower desires and the higher Will; the lower is for the time a rebel against the higher, and the whole inner kingdom of our life is thrown into disorder. Where this conflict is not felt, where a man can contentedly fail in discharging his obligations and feel no discomfort, no distress, it is a sign that the higher nature of that man is not awake, that he is still in the unevolved condition in which the mind and the desirenature are all of human consciousness that is as yet active in the brain, and that he is wholly identified with these and unaware of any promptings from his real Self. He must then be dragged by this consciousness into manifold experiences, pleasant and painful, which will gradually draw down more of himself into the brain, and he will slowly learn by disappointment, by sorrow, and by pain, that the disregard of Duty is the parent of suffering. In a world of law, a world of innumerable obligations caused by the relations of human beings to one another, no man can avoid suffering who recklessly walks through and ignores them; that suffering at last becomes intolerable, and by its pressure—since he refuses to learn in any other way-he is finally forced along the road of Duty. How far more rational and sane is it to recognise our position, to walk along that road voluntarily, contented and open-eyed, than to be thrust along it, an unwilling slave, bleeding and maimed under the piercing lances of pain.

The Ideal of Duty is the glad recognition of the Will of the whole to which the of the part should be brought into harmon of the Will of God with which the huma

will should co-operate for the good of all. Duty then becomes not an outer compulsion, but an inner impulsion, for the human will is seen to be part of the Divine Will, and with this recognition the Will of God is felt to be the man's own will, and he acts with complete spontaneity, the carrying out of Duty having become the carrying out of his individual will, with a sense of perfect freedom. Duty is then not "the stern daughter of the voice of God," but the joyful fulfilment of the deepest longings of the heart; it is a smiling friend, not an austere commander; it is eagerly sought for, not grudgingly obeyed.

Then, and then only, is reached the "service" which is perfect freedom; since one will moves in God and in man.

How shall we guide ourselves in order to move definitely in the direction of this Ideal, for none may accomplish it without long and continued effort? There is only one way, a slow and toilsome method. We must resolutely, every day and all day

long, shape our thoughts, desires, and actions into the highest type we are able to compass. must never choose the baser when the nobler is before us, nor walk along a lower path when a higher is open to us. We must day by day meditate on the unity of the divine and human nature, and "think ourselves into" the consciousness of our divine self, endeavouring to realise ourselves as divine. to think from the centre, not from the At first this will seem circumference. artificial rather than real, but, if we persevere. we shall gradually accomplish the task, and first by gleams and glimpses, and then by sustained experience, we shall come to feel ourselves the Gods we really are. "Become what thou art," quoth St. Anselm, become in manifestation and in waking consciousness what thou art in latency. Let the Hidden God shine forth, and potentialities become actualities, and then shall the Ideal of Duty become the conscious activity of a realised Free Will.

ANNIE BESANT.

### AMONG THE FAR MOUNTAINS OF HIMAVAT.

In my dreams I heard the soft call of the hill-flute. Clear as the song of a bird, it poured forth a melody of rare colour, in which quaint little turns and twists were interwoven.

And I followed the sound, passing through the sleeping village which lay silent, wrapped in the grey mists which veiled the new-born day. From the valley below came the roar of a mighty river, and away, in the distance, the hill-flute piped.

The narrow mountain path turned and twisted, until, passing a rugged bleak corner, I saw on the hillside a group of ancient tombs—a lonely Buddhist grave-yard.

Veiled in the mists of early dawn, the mouldering gravestones stood like some ghostly company, filling the onlooker with a sense of deep mystery, a fear of the unknown. I shuddered at the thought of death, thinking, in my blindness, that it meant vagueness, uncertainty, perhaps finality.

Then the Sun burst forth in all his glory, dispelling the mists. I saw on the horizon a great chain of snowy mountain peaks, transfigured, throbbing with rosy light. The day had dawned, crowned with strength and might. It had not ceased to be, when darkness covered the earth, and it was now born afresh, for every morning is a re-birth.

And I understood that the Gate of Death is no further, no more impenetrable, than is the morning mist to the world we see around us.

From below came the music of the hill-flute—"Thy shadows live and vanish" it sang; "That which in thee knows is not of fleeting life: it is the man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike."

Then I prayed for the Peace of all beings in all worlds, and rejoicing, passed on through the radiance of the new-born day.

O Oriens splendor lucis aeternae et sol justitiae: Veni, et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.



[In the following article, the writer—whose recent contribution to a London magazine upon the imminent loss of India by Great Britain, attracted an extraordinary amount of attention throughout the press—deals briefly with the causes of Indian unrest, and paints with a bold pen the sweeping reforms which, in his opinion, are necessary for the physical, intellectual, and spiritual development of the great Brown Continent. Of course, the views he expresses are purely his own.]

the World" because, with many others, I regard the great Brown Continent, with its pulsating three hundred millions, as the cradle of the spirit-impulses, which, passing outwards in countless ramifications, revivifies and lightens a darkened world. materialistic and decadent Europe is to be saved from the slough which awaits the victories of intellect developed at the expense of spirit, and the conquest of material things by the blind eve of an unseeing and unknowing "science," then it is to the India of the future, which even now is developing under our eyes, to which we must look for salvation.

HAVE called India "The Soul of

The Indian Problem can be put into a sentence. It is the problem of the super-imposition of a Western materialist civilisation upon an age-old Eastern civilisation based upon a spiritual conception of the world—something which I, at least, regard as impossible, if the object be to displace the latter by the former.

Europe regards India as barbarous. She despises her "dreaminess." She regards her prophets, from Buddha downwards, as inferior to her own. The Indian she looks upon as "unpractical," that word of damning portent amongst the white races. Until she changes that outlook the Indian Problem will remain unsolved.

India is not a country: she is a miniature

world in herself, with innumerable nationalities of every temperament, from the studious and peaceful Bengali to the turbulent North-Western frontiersman: with four main religions from which branch many tributaries; with an inextricable system of "caste"; with ten thousand razor-edged problems requiring the nicest judgment and the closest knowledge. Yet, despite her complexity, there is a network of thought which unites into one race in its meshes her three hundred million of souls, of whom three-fourths are Hindus, who, calling her Mother, carry the sign-manual of India written upon them. The "Indian" is unmistakable.

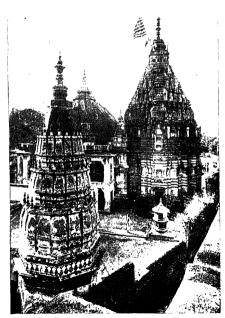
From a hundred others, I will take the opinions of two individuals, of widely opposite views, as typical of the belief held by some of the finest minds of the world upon India and Indians.

Max Müller, greatest of scholars, wrote: "If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life . . . I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what literature we here in Europe . . . may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact, more truly human, a life not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life— again I should point to India."

I have heard Mrs. Annie Besant state, before the First Universal Races Congress, that "both as to average and exceptional men, India ranked as high as England, and that amongst the Indian peoples there was a high level of refinement, self-control, industry, and cheerfulness."

### THE POISON OF RACE-HATRED.

Look on that picture . . . and on this. This country of "choicest gifts," of a people with "a high level of refinement and self-control," is to-day a seething mass of revolt: a country where the coward-hand of the assassin does its work by stealth; where, according to the most recent cables, "large parts of the continent are honey-combed with conspiracies"; where the bomb-manufactory and a press inoculated with the poison of race-hatred are the facts of every-day life.



VISHNU TEMPLE.

And with this, Indian religions and races uniting; caste breaking down; a quarter of a million of whites, cut off by thousands of miles of sea from their own Motherland, lost amidst the myriads of the Indian peoples; India herself heading towards a second Mutiny, which may yet be splashed scarlet across the pages of her history. What is the matter with India's soul?

If the statesmen of England do not at once tackle the problem of India, and that with a conception totally different to the methods of the past, India will not only be lost for ever to Britain, but her loss will be attended with horrors which cannot be exaggerated.

I could give, literally, a thousand examples of the fanning of the impending conflagration, taken from the Indian Nationalist Press. One or two will serve my purpose.

This from the Calcutta Yugantar:—

"If the whole nation is inspired to throw off its yoke . . . then in the eye of God . . . whose claim is the more reasonable—the Indian's or the Englishman's?"

The *Kalyani* reproaches the Hindus for breaking their vows to Durga not to use English goods, thus:—

"You have made all sorts of vows to stick to *Swadeshi*, but you are still using *bilati* (foreign) salt sugar, and cloths polluted with the blood and fat of animals. . . . Keep your promises to the Mother."

In reading the above, it must always be remembered that to the vast majority of these fanatics, death is merely the putting off of an old body for a new. So it is paradoxically, that a belief in something that is unshakably true and beautiful makes them deadly dangerous!

Let me put briefly the chief causes of Indian unrest.

The Partition of Bengal was, until a short time ago, one deeply felt cause of irritation. The official case, as put forward by Lord Curzon, was that the province was too unwieldly to be administered as a whole, and that the interests of the Mohammedans, greatly in the majority in East Bengal, were being neglected.

The Indian reply was that it was an attempt to hamper the education of Indians

by cutting half Bengal adrift from its "intellectual capital," and that it was aimed at undermining the Permanent Settlement which decides the hated Land Tax, and so paved the way for the screwing up of that tax. It is significant that two out of four Anglo-Indian daily papers, owned and staffed by Englishmen, fought the Partition, as did even a large body of educated Mohammedans, enormous protest meetings being held. We do not hear of these things at home, for, as I shall later show, there is a vicious system of press suppression of facts. Anyhow, the Partition, which, as a prominent Bengalee gentleman recently said, "is opposed because we Hindus are a spiritual people," sent the fiery cross of revolt through peaceful Bengal.

### ENGLAND'S EPITAPH.

"Education" may yet prove the epitaph of the British Raj. The Indian has a passion for education unequalled throughout the world, unless it be in the Scottish highlands. But, above all, he wants, as a patriot and the citizen of a Continent with the history of a great civilisation behind it, "Indian" education rather than "English." It is contended, and I think with reason, that the Universities Act of 1904, and similar measures, aimed at throttling "Indian" and supporting "English" education. Eastern Bengal to-day Government grants to schools are refused with scorn in protest, Hindu colleges being staffed by Indian teachers who have given up lucrative appointments to take part in the new movement against English education.

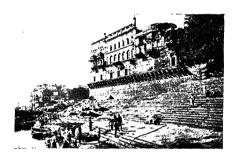
As in the case of the Partition of Bengal, the Indian regards the education question from the spiritual rather than the "practical" standpoint. He regards it as a test-question of India's destiny.

But the "practical" ideal—the "f. s. d. outlook"—has, to a certain point, succeeded in imposing itself upon thousands of ambitious Europeanised youths, who, regarding examination-cramming as the be-all and end-all of existence, as the passport to Government appointments, have overstocked the market, the majority being sent back soured against the Government. In Bengal alone there are over forty thousand of these

men, unemployed and desperate, many of them B.A.'s. In Calcutta, some of them labour in the jute mills at 15s. a month, to keep themselves from starvation. Thus is rebellion bred. Starved bodies make starved minds—and these men are mad with privation and disappointed hopes.

What shall we say of "the hair shirt" of native police and petty officials, which is irritating the Indian mind-cuticle into the madness of despair?

The establishment of a secret police system, with a network of spies, has led to many abuses, even official enquiries discovering police plots with wide ramifications, including forgery and the concoction of evidence. According to Dr. Ghose, member of the Imperial Legislative Council of India, "the Indian police is the most



BENARES. Raja Rai Sing Observatory.

corrupt and the most inefficient in the world."

It was this gentleman who said, "The people fear and hate these scoundrels, and rather than tell them of a robbery would bear their loss in silence, lest they be accused of pretending, and so have money extorted from them." I have confirmation of this by prominent Englishmen as well as Indians. Indian and Russian police methods have much in common. They are first-cousins.

The question always paramount in the mind of the official is, "What does Simla want?" Not, "What is the truth about India?" From the bottom of this crazy system, where crouches the petty official, his report goes upward to the superior officer, from the superior officer upwards the district collector, from him to the



GWALIOR. The Fort.

Provincial Government, and thence to the Imperial. By the time it comes to the Viceregal notice it has undergone such a system of mutilation and "comfortable" wording that it has become a laughable travesty of the facts. All this is vouched for by prominent Europeans and leading Indians, many of them in favour of English occupation.

There is a danger-line running athwart every section of Indian life—the colour-line. That is one of the danger-signals in India at the moment.

Take the Education Department. At one time, Indian and European worked side by side. Then a Public Service Commission put them into separate pens, the European pen being called the Indian Educational Service, and the Indian and inferior pen, the Provincial Service.

In India, eight thousand European officials draw salaries totalling £13,900,554, whilst one hundred and thirty thousand Indians, also in the Civil Service, scratch for a miserly £3,284,163. The figures are those of Dr. Jabez Sunderland, the American authority.

In the Civil Service, Englishmen hold all the plums, these favoured sons of fortune being known as "the sun-dried bureaucrats." Out of twelve hundred men, only one hundred are Indians, who, throughout the Service, are debarred, more or less, from the higher positions. Lord Cromer himself, amongst others, has attacked strongly this favouritism towards what he calls "aliens appointed by a foreign country." All without avail.

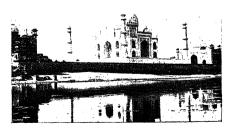
Indian and English society move in closed compartments, knowing little or nothing of

one another's points of view. Official parties celebrating occasions like the King's birthday, are sometimes held separately for Indian and European! No Indian will enter a railway carriage containing a European if he can help it, so that he may avoid the insult which is common, according to press reports. I have authenticated cases of the grossest insult towards Indians of high social position, including the Amir of Afghanistan himself, which would seem incredible if they were not vouched for by Europeans as well as Indians. I have met high-born Indians who have recited to me insults at the hands of the "superior" European, on account of their colour, which left me hopeless for white civilisation and white courtesv.

### THE INDIAN CERBERUS.

On the top of these subsidiary causes of unrest, you have the crushing problem of the Indian rayat or peasant, forming eighty per cent. of India's population, with his everlasting poverty, and, as I shall show, growing out of that poverty the triple-headed Cerberus of plague, famine, and that evil genius of Indian village life, the money-lender, who squeezes him to the uttermost farthing of anything left to him by the first two. It is that Cerberus which is eating up the masses of the Indian people, body, blood, and soul.

So much for some of the causes of Indian unrest, without the understanding of which it would be impossible to discuss the remedies. Far-reaching as they are—advanced as is the disease from which India is suffering—it is not yet too late for an



AGRA. The Tai, from the river.



AMRITSAR. The Golden Temple.

enlightened and far-seeing Government to grapple with the most terrific problem upon the surface of the earth to-day, and to solve it with the help of India herself.

Obviously, the first thing to be done is to remove the more prominent causes of irritation, so as to allay the Indian ferment. As these causes are political, they can be removed with a stroke of the pen which brought them about.

It is fortunate, at least, to be able to recall the repeal of the Partition of Bengal. By a statesmanlike measure of this kind, the spur which till recently was galling a vast portion of the Continent into chronic unrest, has been removed. The suspicion that the English government still seeks to foment religious factions in order to keep Hindu and Mohammedan apart, and so prevent them combining for the redress of legitimate grievances, has partially been allayed.

In this measure, the King-Emperor has had behind him not only the great mass of home opinion, so far as it has any knowledge of Indian problems—which, indeed, is very little—but the vast mass of Bengalee opinion, including an influential section of Mohammedan opinion itself. By it, England has everything to gain and nothing to lose. This question of the Partition, which to many seems a mere question of internal administration, is to the Bengalee a matter of life and death, and turned him from a peaceful and contented member of the Empire into a rebel and a menace.

So far as the Educational question is concerned, the object of the authorities should be to develop "Indian" and

"English" education side by side, being careful not to supplant the vernacular by the English tongue. India is hopelessly "Indian"! however ridiculous it may seem to the quid nuncs at the head of her educational system. India can best express her mind and her soul through her national tongues. You cannot change the soul of a race by any artificial method of Europeanisation.

The Education Department itself should be officered by Indians and Europeans indifferently, working side by side. In every advance from the present evil system of Anglicisation, towards what I will call "Indianisation," prominent Indians should be consulted. It is useless to seek to educate India purely through the medium of men who are avowedly out of sympathy with her national aims.

The whole parasitic system of Government examinations should be gone through with a fine tooth-comb. It is a vicious system, which, holding before the eyes of ambitious young Indians the doubtful "rare and refreshing fruits" of office, induces vast numbers to compete for posts which are only attainable by a mere fraction, leaving the unsuccessful to become odd-job men, who are the fomenters of rebellion.

### 15D. PER HEAD FOR EDUCATION.

Incidentally, the boast by England that she is giving India the beginning of a fine elementary educational system is disproved by the fact that only five million children in the whole of India, including the Native States with their sixty millions of people, attend schools, the Government of India



spending the ridiculous sum of  $l_{\frac{1}{2}}d$ . per head upon education! (The military expenditure works out at 1s. per head of the population!)

Yet, according to Max Müller, prior to British occupation, in Bengal alone there were eighty thousand native schools, or one for every four hundred of the population, every child being able to read, write, and cipher. In sweeping away the village system, we have swept away the village school The facts carry their own indictment of British educational methods. It would seem that we are trying to keep India uneducated, for it seems to be imagined that an educated India might be an India full of menace to British supremacy.

Speaking the other day to a prominent Indian barrister, he said, in burning accents, "The whole idea to-day in England seems to be to choke the education of Indian youth. All kinds of obstacles are placed in the way of receiving our boys into English educational institutions, whilst a department they have recently started in the India Office seems designed to hinder rather than help in the matter. Everything is aimed at controlling the Indian student while he is here, whilst it is generally believed by our students that there is an official system of espionage. It is this system of supervision more than anything else, which is driving the intelligent young Indian into the extremist camp."

This degrading system of spying, so foreign to English ideas, should be swept away at once, whilst the Educational Department of the India Office should do everything to encourage the Indian student who wishes to make himself acquainted with Western education. Further, the holding of the Indian Civil Service examinations in England only, and so compelling the Indian to cross the thousands of miles of sea in order to sit for them, should be abolished. It is an unfair handicap, which has only too obviously been imposed for the purpose of excluding Indians from the better-paid positions.

The crying need in India is the need of a carefully thought out system of technical education. She needs technical schools on the lines of the Technical College in Calcutta, whilst the Agricultural Colleges of Denmark might be taken as the basis of a scheme for solving the Indian agricultural problem, and with it, as I shall hope to show, the twin problems of plague and famine.

Part of her scheme of technical education should be the restoring of the native arts which have placed Indian architecture, metal work, and carvings, in a place by themselves. But the root idea of this side of her technical education, as of others, should be primarily the encouragement of Indian talent upon Indian lines with Indian teachers. This need not inhibit the learning of Western art. The point involved, however, is that national genius finds its best and most appropriate development through national channels.

So far as the Indian police system is concerned, it needs something more than pruning—it needs absolute reorganisation, root and branch. In the first place, the



DARJEELING, View of Jallapahar.

intricate and costly system of secret police should be swept away, as it only serves as an incitement to subterranean methods and to revolt. The power of the official should be strictly limited, and the word of the policeman should no longer be regarded as something sacred, which must be taken in the face of any civilian evidence, however responsible.

"Let us have the truth, even though the heavens fall," might be adopted as the spirit of the Indian official system in the future, from the Viceroy down to the meanest petty official in the village. The little official should be encouraged to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," in his official reports to his superiors. These

reports should not be trimmed and cut to suit the ears of those who sit in the seats of the mighty. They should represent facts, and facts only.

And, above all, the steady "understanding" in the Anglo-Indian papers to suppress the facts about the conditions of India, when those facts imply criticism of the governing caste, should be sternly deprecated.

### CONSULT THE INDIAN.

It should, for example, be impossible, as has happened in many instances in the past, for district officers to be victimised for daring to say there was a famine in their district when the Governor of the Province said there was none! But all this can only be accomplished by a thorough weeding and sifting throughout the whole official system, and this can only be effectively done by the advice of trained Indians in conjunction with Europeans.

Not only should the Viceroy himself have a trained Indian adviser, in sympathy with Indian aspirations, by his side, but the whole system of "sun-dried bureaucracy," alien to the native mind, which has produced the liverish, though often well-intentioned, Anglo-Indian Civil Servant, should be replaced gradually by a system largely founded on the ancient system of local self-government which obtained throughout India prior to the British occupation.

In the first place, the whole Western legal system which presses so heavily upon Indian minds and purses, could be largely replaced by the old Village Council, elected by the people, with powers to try the thousand and one trifling disputes of Indian village life. Such Councils should also have local educational powers, and should control the grazing and forest rights within their areas.

This Village Council should be the nucleus of self-government for India, the powers of popular election being gradually increased as time progresses. As has already been suggested elsewhere, these Panchayets, or Village Councils, should elect the Rural Councils, which in turn could elect the District Boards under which they now act, and these latter, together with the Municipal

Councils in the towns and cities of India, should ultimately elect members to the Provincial Councils.

In a word, what I am driving at is the gradual bestowal upon India of the right to manage her own affairs. Self-government for India must be the goal of our reformers. It must, indeed, be the goal of all British administration, if India is not to be lost in the near future. In such a broad and democratic conception alone, can England feel that she is giving to India something from the West worthy of exchange for all that the West has received from the cradle of the human race.

Just one point here. It is generally assumed that such a system of self-government is impossible owing to the ineradicable religious differences of Hindu and Mohammedan, for example. So far from this being



DELHI. The Old Magazine Gate.

true, it is a fact, from the remotest times, Hindu and Mohammedan have fraternised in their common village life; whilst to-day, so far is the good work of fraternisation going on, that they are attending one another's religious festivals.

The great Arya Samaj movement in the Punjab, with its battle-cry, "Hinduism for the Hindus!" has united Sikh, Hindu, and Mohammedan, whilst Sikhism to-day, generally, shows a tendency to be re-absorbed into Hinduism. It is also a fact, as I know from conversation with some of the leaders, that they are looking to the evolution of an Indian nation in which Hindu and Mohammedan—Mohammedans being one-fifth of India's population—will sink religious a racial differences.

Some time ago, on the continent, I was shown the new National Indian flag, with the words "Bande Mataram" ("The Motherland"), surmounted by the eight provinces of India, with, underneath, the Hindu lotus, the Mohammedan crescent, the Parsee fire, and so on, all typifying the new leaven at work in the Indian ferment, which is breaking down the barriers which hitherto have separated her peoples.

In the sacred Hindu city of Benares, a short time ago, nineteen members were elected to the City Council, of whom twelve were Hindus and seven Mohammedans, Hindus voting for Mohammedans and vicê-versa. It is the new spirit—but it is a spirit fraught with menace to British occupation—which more than ever renders necessary the reforms I have outlined.

#### TORCHES OF REVOLUTION.

But it is the fourteen million Brahmans to-day who are the torches of the coming revolution. And here comes the most phenomenal of all changes in Indian life.

In order to keep the fires of revolt burning, the Brahmans in Bengal have taken the unheard of step of relaxing the rigours of caste in favour of those who take the Swadeshi, or "boycott," vow against English goods. In the Punjab, the caste system is beginning to break up. Is it that the authorities have no eyes to see or ears to hear?

To seek to hinder this new movement by punitive methods alone is to court defeat. Reforms must be initiated at once—and, as I have said, those reforms must steadily trend towards giving India self-government upon Colonial lines. It may be decades before the final step is taken—and who shall say what that final step may be ?-but time is the essence of the contract, and the first broad generous steps must be made now. To say that some system of Federal Government is impossible, is absurd, when one remembers that to-day there are in the world two hundred and twenty-four million of people living under some such system of Federal Government.

The great modernist Indian movement against Britain turns on two giant pivots—

one called "Swaraj," or "Self-rule," the other "Swadeshi," or "The Boycott." I have no desire to be an alarmist, but it is a fact, as I know from the lips of the men behind, that the idea of Swaraj is ultimately to compete commercial England out of existence. These Indians have learned the lessons of Western greed but too well. Once they have secured some real control of their own affairs, the idea of the Swarajists is to pour the three hundred millions of the most abstemious people in the world to compete in the world's markets with British highlypaid labour. Such a step would do more than anything else to drive back mankind into the slough of the past-to force it into the abyss from which in historical times it has so tortuously emerged. For to such a struggle there could be only one end, as any economist can point out—an end in which the standard of European life would be immeasurably lowered, and in which even that part of our civilisation which is real would be lost.

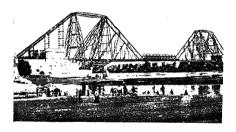
This is one reason why I put in the strongest possible plea for the encouragement of a sane Trades Unionism in India. At one of the great labour congresses which I attended, I was fortunate enough to get access to the inner history of Indian labour. It is an ugly history—a disgrace to Western methods, in which profit seems to be more than the souls of men.

Put into a nutshell, the wages paid are contemptible, varying from 9s. 4d. a month upwards, to something over a pound. In the textile trade it is the vicious system to hold back a fortnight's wages so as to give the masters a tighter hold on the men. The result is that the men are driven into the hands of the money-lender—that curse of Indian life. The hours worked are twelve and a half in the short winter months, and fourteen and a quarter in the long summer months. There is a vicious system of child labour, the little ones getting from 4s. a month upwards.

The very definite suggestion I have to make in connection with Indian labour is that, in order to safeguard the interests of the workers, and, above all, to keep up the standard of life to a high level, in view of the possible eventuality I have above outlined, a General Workers' Union throughout India should be established, acting under the guidance of the great British Unions, which, in this respect at least, can teach the East. Compensation for accidents should be established, and careful provision made for the education of the little ones of the workers. All that, of course, is merely the basis of what might be done.

It must always be remembered that lowpaid Asiatic labour is a menace, a sword of Damocles, held over the head of Europe. Let Europe see to it.

So far as the colour line is concerned, nothing can be done to erase it but a better understanding of one another's outlook between East and West. And, if I may say so, one of the first things necessary in order to bring about this better understanding



SUKKUR. The Bridge over the Indus.

between East and West, is that a haughty white official society, and more particularly the women-folk of that society, should modify its contempt and exclusiveness towards Indians.

The only way in which this can be brought about is in the better education of both Indian and European in the facts of each other's civilisations. It can only, if I may say so, be brought about by a change of heart as well as of intellectual outlook, and time alone can make this possible. At the same time, the constant insults to Indians must cease—for such insults are not merely discourteous, they are vulgar and contemptible. When English "gentlemen" and English "ladies" learn that there are also Indian "gentlemen" and Indian "ladies,"

then we shall have advanced much towards that better understanding which is essential to the development of India.

#### PLAGUE AND FAMINE.

I have purposely left to the last India's two greatest problems—plague and famine—which, in my opinion, and that of others, are at root but one problem—that of poverty.

The Indian peasant of to-day pays a rent that has no equivalent in history, representing, as it does, seventy-five per cent. of the total produce of his land. Before the English occupation, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Indian rayat, by the edict of the Emperor Akbar, paid only one-third of the total produce of his land in rent. Faced, in addition, with constant increases of the revenue charges by anything from twenty to one hundred per cent., the Indian peasant is ground into helplessness under the Rent-Juggernaut.

Before two decades have passed, I believe it will be admitted that plague is a poverty disease. The authorities to-day are on the wrong track with their vivisection experiments, their flea-hunting, their rat battues, and all the rest of the official paraphernalia of plague-suppression. A well-fed India would mean a plagueless India. What are the facts?

Most authorities admit that prior to the British occupation, with its exorbitant rents and taxes, India never knew the terrors of famine and plague that she has since known. The figures make horrible reading.

According to the official estimates themselves, during the last fourteen years, plague has eaten up over six millions of people, and it is fast increasing. Between 1860 and 1900, a whole nation, thirty millions of souls in all, was wiped out by it. In the Punjab alone, at one time, seventy-five thousand a week died of it.

Supposing the authorities go to the root of things by looking at the spectre of poverty in all its grisly nakedness? Supposing they ask themselves what can become of the stamina of a race, of its capacity to resist disease, when that race is sucked by an enervating poverty which has no parallel out of India? Supposing they set to work

to fight it by facing the figures in the first place?

The average English human being receives £42 a year, or 16s. a week. According to Lord Curzon, who is not likely to err on the side of the Indian, the Indian peasant does not receive double this last amount in a year, for he receives only 26s. per annum; whilst, according to the non-official version, he has to live on 12s. 6d. a year, or 3d. a week. Even allowing for the fact that money goes farther in India than England, and that the Indian can exist on a minimum of food, that forms a terrible picture of the condition of affairs.

Sir William Hunter, formerly Director-General of Indian Statistics, records that forty million of the people never at any time have enough to eat, whilst, according to a pro-English source, one hundred million get only one meal a day, and that only a very meagre one.

Behind all this reek of plague and famine there lies the other plague of the moneylenders. What chance does the Indian get?

It is impossible, within the limits of an article of this kind, to enter into minute detail, but, obviously, the very first thing for the authorities to consider, in their fight against the plague and against famine, is the question of an oppressive rent and of impossible taxes. At all costs, these must be largely remitted. The rayat must get a chance to build up a stamina that has become enfeebled. He must have good food and good conditions. Surely it is not beyond the limits of modern agricultural, and, shall we say, financial science, to overcome these evil conditions? Surely our giants of finance and administration can find some way out of the impasse which to-day is draining yearly from the poorest country in the world the enormous sum of £30,000,000. (Between 1899-1908, inclusive, £300,000,000 was abstracted from our Indian Dependency!)

The agricultural problem is largely the Indian poverty problem. Men like Prince Kropotkin, whose names rank highest amongst scientific agriculturists, say that it can be solved. Then why not solve it?

VAST CHANGES NECESSARY.

The solution involves an absolute change of system. It involves the principle of cooperation to a degree never before attempted in the history of the human race. It involves the replacement of anarchic competitive action by co-operative action. It involves the establishment of a vast scheme of agricultural colleges in which the best brains in the world of science shall be available. But, above all, it involves a sympathetic understanding, that rarest of all gifts.

I have only been able, here, to touch the fringe of the Indian problem, which has occupied and daunted some of the wisest heads. I have little doubt that my suggested reforms will be criticised strongly. Probably there is no subject under the sun which is viewed from so many different standpoints, and which gives rise to more



JEYPORE. Jeysingh's Observatory.

strident differences of opinion than that of India. No two people—in Europe, at least—seem to agree radically upon any one of India's problems.

And yet, is not this the case largely because in the first instance it is not realised by the Western mind, with its congenital incapacity to view national problems otherwise than through the glasses of a materialism in which a distorted myopy takes the place of actuality, that the Indian Problem is largely a spiritual—nay more, is basically only a spiritual—problem?

The soul of India is sick—but the soul of India cannot be cured by the quack nostrums of a commercial materialism. That soul can only be restored to its pristine powers by the

removal of those irritants which I have outlined, and though, as I have tried to show, the physical and the spiritual in India, as elsewhere, are but two facets of one central fact—the fact of the universe itself—merely physical reforms alone will not cure the soul of the Indian peoples.

India, like Europe, will have to "work out her own salvation in fear and trembling." She will have to develop her choicest minds; she will have to hold out her arms to take the gifts of the West; and, not least, she will have to draw away the veil which for so many centuries has shrouded "the light of the world," so that the nations of the West, to-day fast sinking in the sands of materialism, may gaze upon that light and find the spirit come to them again.

But who will doubt of the future? There is working within the heart of India to-day a subtle ferment—a ferment which I, at least, believe to be healthy, which is impelling her towards a consideration of the flower of democracy which is gradually unfolding itself, under the impulse from the Spirit Behind, in Asia as well as in Europe.

It is no accident that the intercourse of the East and West has never before reached so high a rate of vibration; it is no chance that the thinkers of the West are beginning to turn their eyes a little from the classics of pagan Greece and Rome to those soulclassics of India which point the way to the development of the inner self—that inner self which Europe in her craze for exteriorisation, and in her scientific and material advance, has so sadly neglected.

EAST AND WEST SHALL MEET.

For that is what is unfolding itself to-day under our eyes. Whilst Europe in the future will give to India her magnificent attainments in the application of giant machines to the mother earth from which we all draw our life; whilst she will teach those lessons of exteriorisation and the conquest of nature which are so essential to the full development of an India of dreams, so India will teach Europe the still deeper and even more essential lesson of self-realisation, will so refine the coarser material of her channels that the rays of the Infinite shall be free to pass on their way.

The vast democratic movements which to-day are surging throughout the white European races are day by day showing ever more clearly the spiritual impulse which animates them, even though that impulse sometimes takes strange guises, and those often material. We are living in an age of change—in an age which shows, in Europe at least, the curious contrast of the Flowers of the Spirit growing out of a materialist matrix—out of a matrix of decadence—to bring forth, in due time, the emancipation of spirit from matter, and the realisation of that self which is un-self.

That is the task before India. To-day, as ever, she is "The Soul of the World." It is from her that the World-Soul shall take its inspirations in the time that is coming, until with her, and through her, humanity shall pass through the barriers of matter into the light of other worlds.

SHAW DESMOND.

# CHRIST, THE POWER OF GOD AND THE WISDOM OF GOD.

### AN ADVENT SERMON.

ALL the great things, the real things, the eternal things in life are no mere private possessions. They are meant for all and belong to all, and yet each can take of them and possess of them only what he is capable of receiving. The gift is umlimited, ungrudging, but the reception depends on the individual who receives.

Sunshine, for the thankful and the unthankful alike, yes: but who can doubt it means more to the grateful receiver than to the ungrateful.

Knowledge, or rather the possibilities of knowledge, poured out in books and lectures, but received not at all, or but a little, or very richly, according as the receivers are diligent or careless students, quick or dull of perception.

Supremely is this true of God, and of that revelation of God in manhood made perfect Whom we call Christ. There are those who live, as it is said, without God, and without hope in the world: there are those, shall we say ourselves, who sometimes at least have thrilled in a recognition of that all-encompassing Presence, that all-sustaining Life, that Love as wide as the overarching sky, that strength, stronger than the hills, which is the strength of our life; and there are those to whom the Presence and Love of God are a perpetual fact of consciousness, less to be forgotten than the sky or the earth or their own bodies, or than anything whatsoever in their familiar daily lives.

There are the blind, there are those with imperfect vision, there are the clear-seeing, but the Sun changes not. So Christ is made to us, as a later verse puts it, wisdom from God, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Yet no wisdom to those who seek it not, and wisdom so far only as those who seek it really desire it, and count the pearl of great price, and will let everything else go to win it.

And no righteousness for those who do not long for righteousness, who feel no need of it, and no hungering after it.

No sanctification for those who are not at least striving to enter the Path of Holiness: and no redemption for those who, quite complacent, have no sense that they have anything to be redeemed from.

But righteousness indeed, and sanctification and redemption, fuller and fuller, more and more abundant, for those who seek the kingdom in sincerity and truth.

All this is plain enough. Yet it is forgotten by some who talk idly of a finished work and a completed salvation, and forget that Christ has not been born for us till He is born in us, or died for us until we have died with Him, or risen for us until we have risen to newness of life and begun to taste in ourselves the power of the Resurrection. Even more often forgotten, however, is this—that God is not limited by our thoughts about Him, our theologies, our systems, nor by our perceptions and personal knowledge of Him, however real and living.

The Sun shines, and men look at the light through glasses of different colours, and of varying clearness. All the glasses are coloured, none are perfectly clear or perfectly white (such a glass is possessed only by the spirits of the just made perfect). For all others there is some veil of illusion, however filmy, some tinting, some imperfection, some obscuration of their glasses. And one sees one colour, another, another. To some the light is dim and, so to speak, comfortable, and of just the tint they like, to others an almost blinding brilliance.

Most men, we will suppose, use the family glasses, the glasses most popular in their own time, their own nation, and their own sect, and they dispute as to the colour of the sunlight.

Those who use one set of glasses are

pleased when someone else discards his own kind and adopts theirs. And those. the majority who like the light comfortably dimmed, not too searching, not too exacting, not too inconveniently clear, have often mocked at as madmen, or persecuted as deceivers, those who saw it far more brightly or saw it of a different tint. of all have the majority joined in reprobating those who suggested that the light was in truth of no one colour: that if all the glasses, somehow, cleaned and at their best and clearest, could be put together, something at least of a new light, a fuller light, a light of which all the others were but separate rays, might be seen at last.

And these things are a parable, and a very simple one:

"Our little systems have their day:

They have their day and cease to be. They are but broken lights of Thee;

And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."
More, infinitely and incalculably more, than all of them put together: for the glasses, at best, are small, so small, but the sunlight is as wide as the whole gleaming sky, and it lights up worlds upon worlds of beauty.

And God Himself is infinitely more than any man or all men can see: and Christ, the Power and Wisdom and Love of God shining in a perfect human nature—a manhood taken into God—Christ Himself (although in Him the uncreated light is, as it were, focussed and limited to help the weakness of our vision) is far, far more than not merely any sect or division of Christianity, but all the Christianity of all the ages past, and all that Christianity may or might be in time to come. For His are unsearchable riches, and in Him are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

We wrong Him—not that we can dream of Him as resenting that—and we wrong ourselves when we dispute in our hot ignorance about the glasses through which we look on Him, the Spiritual Sun.

There is but one way to see more of Him, and to see Him better—it is to become a little more like Him. And one thing in Him which we can begin to imitate is His all-comprehending sympathy, His perfect

world-embracing love and utter justice, by which He sees the best in everyone, hopes for all, believes in all, unprovoked, never impatient, recognizing each faintest endeavour, breaking no bruised reed, quenching no smoking flax. Rather—the weaker the reed, the feebler the flame, the greater His patience, the more loving—if that were possible for Him Who is Lord of Love—His care.

"Ye who have seen Him, ah! is He not tender?

Ye who have known Him, is He fair to know?

Softly He touches, for the reed is slender:

Wisely enkindles, for the flame is low."

Or again:

"Christ, the Word of Wisdom, thrilling souls perplexed that seek and sigh,

Christ, the Word of Peace, instilling calm in souls that fret and cry,

Christ, the Word of Life, fulfilling souls of them who shall not die."

Down through the centuries sounds a babel-tumult of shouting voices—"Away with him, down with this man or that, he is a Gnostic, Arian, Apollinarian, Nestorian, Eutychian: he is a Manichee, an Albigensian, not fit to live. Heretic, misbeliever, inspired of Satan, wicked Protestant, idolatrous Papist, obstinate dissenter, proud Churchman: malignant Episcopalian, rebellious Presbyterian, pernicious Baptist, dangerous Quaker: O the misguided and designing Ritualist, the unbelieving Broad Churchman, the narrow Evangelical, the abominable teacher of the New Theology."

Sometimes men of different sects would indeed sink their differences, but only to join in a common attack on some small body hated of all; as when the Puritan sects in America, who had themselves fled from religious intolerance to seek liberty of worship, fell upon the peaceful Quakers, imprisoned them and hanged them.

Nor is this babel of the centuries a matter of words only, though that were enough (words break no bones, but they can break hearts pretty efficiently). From prisons innumerable, from torture-chambers and stakes, from many and many a scaffold, come the cries, the appeals, the testimonies, of the victims, often themselves narrow, sometimes foolish and provocative, but, be it remembered, slain and hurt in the Name of the Christ, the supreme Master of all Compassion.

But, through these same centuries, there has also sounded, rising clear above the babel of the persecutors and the weeping of those who suffered, another voice, another cry, clear for those who have ears to hear it. The voice of our Lord.

His rebuke. "Ye know not what spirit ve are of."

His warning: "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the Will of My Father which is in Heaven."

His appeal: "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

His statement of the one necessary religion. Love God with all your heart and your neighbour as yourself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

His enunciation of the sole and sufficient requisite for salvation. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

His world-enfolding claim of all men in all religions as His. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." (Not, you will notice, that they have no fold, or that they are not His sheep, but that they are not of this fold). And His promise of the final gathering into one flock of sheep from many folds. "Them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one flock, One Shepherd."

They shall understand, that is to say, that there is but one flock, though there are, and may in some sense continue to be, many folds, and that, though they have named Him by different names, there is but One Shepherd. The one flock is there all the time: it requires not to be made, but only to be recognised. When He comes, will not His true sheep, the men and women of peace and good-will, in many religions and in many lands, whether we have called them Church people or Dissenters,

Catholics or Protestants, Christians, Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists, orthodox, heretic, believers, heathen—will they not hear His voice and follow Him?

And that is the thought, and that the hope, I would leave with you this Advent Sunday. That our Advent Hope, our Advent Message, is no less than this, the Coming of the Lord, to reconcile those who already long for peace, to teach those who seek wisdom with a passionate desire, to unite and to fulfil all that is best in all religions and all faiths: for all are His, inspired by Him, and cared for by Him, although they be but broken lights of His exceeding glory.

And, as we think of His first Coming, and prepare for Christmas, and think, perhaps, a little sadly, of how little that first Coming seemed able to accomplish, of how slow has been the progress of this world in its weary journey towards the light, of how strongly selfishness and exclusiveness and the spirit of persecution have maintained their hold upon men, not because He was not and is not mighty to save, but because humanity is as yet so unripe and so childish, because most are as yet without understanding, and so few have eyes to see; and we, alas, who perceive blindness in others, are still so blind ourselves. As we think, then, of that first Coming, and the shameful rejection by a world unworthy of His presence, which suffered His active ministry in its midst, but a few brief years, then slew Him, hanging Him on a tree: as we think of these things, let us also think of, dream of, hope for, pray for, another Coming of the Lord, which shall be the beginning of the end of strife and blindness and futile debate, the reconciling of the world.

Most assuredly, if enough, the world over, believe in and long for His appearing, they can, as it were, force Him to come—for "love draws even the Lord of Love," and if enough are ready to welcome Him they can keep Him in their midst longer than He stayed before. "Love binds even the Lord of Love." He can do no mighty work where He is not needed and believed in. He will not force His Presence

upon those who desire Him not. But the love that hopeth all things and believeth all things, such Love has power with God and man, power to hasten His appearing, power to prolong His stay amongst us. In the words of Dr. Matheson, that blind Edinburgh minister who was so true a seer and prophet, let us make our Advent prayer:—

"Gather us in, Thou Love Who fillest all,

Gather our rival faiths within one fold; Rend each man's temple veil and bid it fall.

That we may know that Thou hast been of old.

Gather us in.

"Gather us in, we worship only Thee,
In various names we stretch a common hand.

In divers forms a common soul we see, In many ships we seek one spirit land. Gather us in.

"Each sees one colour of Thy rainbow light, Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;

Thou art the fulness of our partial sight, We are not perfect till we find the seven.

Gather us in.

"Thine is the mystic life great India craves.

Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam,

Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves.

Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Gather us in.

"Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride,

Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;

Thine is Judæa's law with love beside, The truth that censures and the grace that saves.

Gather us in.

"Some seek a Father in the world above, Some ask a human image to adore; Some crave a spirit vast as life and

Within Thy mansions we have all, and more.

Gather us in."

Even so, Lord, come quickly, to gather in Thy people, from the East and from the West, into the Kingdom of Thy Love.

### THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN.

AWAY on a hill stands a field of waving corn. Around it are green hedges and tall trees, while below stretches a wide panorama of fields and hills.

I sat by the hedge-side on a Sunday morning not long ago, and watched the green, the pale yellow, and the brown tints of the corn. Here and there a rich note was struck by a scarlet poppy.

The country below was wrapped in a grey noon-day haze. From a village hard by came the sound of church bells. The wind sighed among the trees, and, gently, the yellow stalks of the corn rocked to and fro.

I thought of that Sunday morning two thousand years ago, when the Divine Man passed through a comfield. The wearying strife of creed against creed, the stern upholding of orthodoxy, of fettering conventionality, the representation of a single unit as the Whole, all seemed very small things just then.

My longing was not for Truth as it might be set forth in a creed of man's making; but for Him Who is not only the Truth, and the Life, but also the Way.

Did the wind sigh with longing for a fuller consciousness, a deeper knowledge of God? Did the golden corn sway this way and that in its longing to touch the Master's garment as He passed?

For I believe that He stood in the cornfield that Sunday morning as of old in the field in Galilee.

## MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

AETERLINCK a des cheveux gris qui envahissent son front en une mèche large et touffue. Ses yeux très bleus, clairs et profonds, rencontrent rarement les vôtres. On dirait qu'il pense à autre chose, cependant son regard scrute avec une pénétration déconcertante.

A travers l'enveloppe, Maeterlinck perçoit les défauts, les qualités, et une raillerie bienveillante marque un pli à ses lèvres mobiles.

Ses yeux rieurs où brille la malice, ses yeux qui voient où nous ne discernons rien, peuvent devenir sévères et durs.

Leur feu fait peur quelquefois comme l'éclair qui précède l'orage.

Il se dégage de toute sa personne une force physique et une puissance intellectuelle qui intimident.

C'est un dominateur auprès duquel on éprouve de la soumission et on garde le silence par respect.



MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

A quinze ans on ne devrait oser parler de lui. Je le sais, je le sens, mais puisque j'ai le privilège de le connaître, puisqu'il sera toujours une des affections inébranlables et fidèles de ma vie, ainsi que mon admiration la plus haute et la plus pure, je dirai ce que son oeuvre inspire à un enfant. J'intéresserai peut-être ceux qui le connaissent mieux que moi et ceux qui le connaissent moins.

J'emprunte à Madame Georgette-Leblanc-Maeterlinck une admirable page de son introduction aux "Morceaux Choisis" publiés dans la collection Nelson.

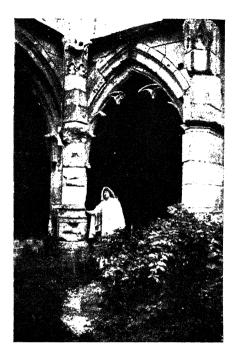
"Maurice Maeterlinck est né à Gand, le 29 Août, 1862, d'une très ancienne famille flamande qui remonte au XIV° siècle.

"L'âme du petit garçon, à la fois joyeux et grave, turbulent et rêveur, s'est éveillée entourée de toutes les choses qui devaient solliciter un jour les études et la vie du poête . . . la campagne, la moisson, les fleurs, les fruits, les ruches, le fleuve, et surtout, seuls évènements de la vie familiale, les grands navires qui passent lentement, chargés d'inconnu, apportant du large les pensées des confins du monde."

Madame Leblanc-Maeterlinck ne s'égare pas dans une biographie minutieuse et inutile, avec une simplicité et une poésie infinies, elle nous fait assister à l'enfance et à l'évolution du grand homme.

On le voit vigoureux et actif, aimant la Nature, l'exercice, la liberté, trois saines amours qui l'ont suivi dans la vie. Il s'arrête pour contempler autour de lui les multiples trésors que lui dévoile la Nature. Dans ses yeux bleus, lumineux et songeurs, se reflètent les beautés inombrables. Une curiosité saine travaille sourdement dans ce cerveau qui germe, et le besoin d'exprimer, de fixer ce qu'il découvre, agite mystérieusement celui qui deviendra plus tard un des plus grands écrivains de notre siècle.

"Un seul mauvais souvenir dans ces années d'heureuse sagesse, une seule rancune obscurcit les belles heures de l'adolescence: Maeterlinck ne pardonnera jamais aux pères Jésuites du collège de Sainte-Barbe leur étroite tyrannie."



St. Wandrille.

Il n'y a selon lui qu'un crime qu'on ne peut pardonner, "c'est celui qui empoisonne les joies et détruit le sourire d'un enfant."

Maeterlinck grandit. Ses parents lui cherchent une carrière. Ils le destinent au barreau. Maeterlinck se soumet et accepte de terminer ses études à Paris, mais avec le but défini de développer ses aptitudes littéraires, de trouver les encouragements nécessaires à une volonté qui s'affirme. Il lit, il s'instruit, il cherche, il s'associe avec des poêtes. La rencontre de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam fait époque dans sa jeunesse, et quand il revient à Gand sa vocation est fixée.

En 1890 paraît la "Princesse Maleine" qui inspire à Octave Mirbeau un article d'admiration fougueuse dans le Figaro du 24 Août.

"Je ne sais rien de Maeterlinck, comment il est, s'il est vieux ou jeune riche ou pauvre, je sais seulement qu'il a fait un chef-d'œuvre, un chef d'œuvre qui suffit à immortaliser un homme, et à faire bénir son nom par tous les affamés du beau et du grand." La célébrité commence pour le jeune écrivain. Il produit successivement : "l'Intruse," les "Aveugles," les "Sept Princesses," "Pélléas et Mélisande," "Alladine et Palomides," "Intérieur," enfin la "Mort de Tintagiles."

C'est la période sombre pendant laquelle Maeterlinck semble plongé dans la mélancolie, accablé par le poids de la fatalité. Ses personnages se meuvent dirigés par une force implacable, malfaisante, destructive. Le symbolisme est saisissant, mais empreint d'un découragement qui fait douter de la Justice.

La "Mort de Tintagiles" est un drame bouleversant qui aboutit à une porte de fer inexorable et froide, contre laquelle Ygraine s'abîme en vain. Elle pleure, elle supplie, elle use ses ongles et brise sa lampe. La présence ténébreuse de la Mort est là derrière cette porte, dont la clef ne tournera pas, et que rien ne peut fléchir.

En même temps que ces drames, paraissent des traductions: "Rusbroëck l'Admirable," "les disciples à Saïs," les fragments de "Novalis," de "l'Anabella" de Johnn Ford

Enfin le "Trésor des Humbles" laisse entrevoir dans un ciel encore nuageux, la première étoile scintillante. On devine l'éclat futur de l'astre quand il se dégagera tout à fait des brumes. L'Ascension de



Maison des Ouatre Chemins Grasse,

tions fantaisistes et erronées, il chasse les effrois, les superstitions, les angoisses physiques, il travaille impartialement à écarter toutes les explications des hommes, car le sujet défie l'entendement des mortels. Devant ce problème de l'au-delà, Maeterlinck se fait gloire de ne pas comprendre pour ne rien enlever à la grandeur de Dieu. Les affirmations l'exaspèrent, mais il n'attaque que l'erreur présomptueuse, laissant ouvertes pour chacun les portes de l'inconnu.

Donc l'ascension se poursuit. Maeterlinck cherche encore. Comme une terre féconde, riche en semences qui produisent des récoltes splendides, Maeterlinck a ses saisons de repos avant l'éclosion nouvelle.

C'est le moment où sa pensée puissante se recueille et médite avant de reprendre son vol.

Qu'est ce que la Mort pour lui? Une lisière dans l'azur!

Nous verrons bientôt son esprit lucide, équilibré et simple découvrir d'autres solutions.

L'astre rayonnera de plus en plus à mesure qu'il contournera, en les dépassant, nos horizons bornés.

ADELINE.

Maeterlinck se dessine. Son œuvre se redresse, s'élance comme un jeune arbre dans le feuillage duquel rient et se pourchassent les premiers rayons du jour qui naît.

"Aglavaine et Sélysette" vont diriger ses recherches dans une voie sereine et consolante, comme il le dit lui même.

La lumière débordante déchire le dernier voile: voici la "Vie des Abeilles" qui bourdonne dans le monde entier "Joyzelle," le "Double-Jardin," "Marie-Magdeleine," "Sagesse et Destinée," "Mona Vanna," le "Temple enseveli," "Ariane," l'Intelligence des Fleurs," enfin "L'Oiseau Bleu," cette féerie de la pensée comme dit Madame Georgette-Leblanc, cette inspiration maîtresse qui soulève l'humanité et l'emporte en plein rêve dans l'azur.

Maeterlinck touche aux cimes, les brouillards ne l'atteignent plus.

Nous en sommes là quand soudain, d'un brusque coup d'aile, son génie nous conduit au bord de la tombe. Le volume récent qui parut sur "la Mort" écarte les interpréta-



Maurice Maeterlinck aux Quatre Chemins.



### QUEEN OF THE ALLEY.



WHAT THE SALVATION SLUM SISTERS ARE DOING.

BEAUTY is in the eye of the beholder!" and when, as is the case with the Salvationist Slum Sister, a yearning love and pity is in the heart, beauty emerges in the most unlikely places.

Slum streets and homes really are the opposite of attractive to the beauty-lover. Eye and nostril are offended at every turn, and spirits susceptible to external influences sink lower and lower as the depressing way is pursued.

"I simply couldn't work in the slums!" is the truthful declaration of the woman who has never had her inner eyes opened, nor her heart melted and widened by the incoming of that divine love which is the constraining motive of all real service for suffering humanity.

"I used to feel I couldn't go to dirty places or feel any love for dirty people," confessed a fair girl whose Salvation Army training was just concluding, and who awaited her marching orders. "But now I am hoping I shall be sent to the slums.

I want to go to the dirty places help to cleanse them, and the unwashed w folks and teach them how to do better." Needless to say, she went.

To-day she is one of a band of women who, in London and all the big British cities, are toiling amid the shadows, clad in plain blue serge with red-banded hat and white apron, moving fearlessly in and out of places where no policeman cares to go alone.

"Our uniform is understood now, and it is our safeguard," she explains. "The man who laid a finger on us in our own districts would likely enough be kicked to death before we could interfere to prevent it."

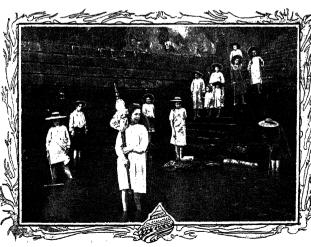
"The amusing thing," she will tell you, is that these people don't regard themselves as Slummers. We are the Slummers, in their eyes. We never use the word as applied to them or their homes. And the distinction we make is this—Nobody is a Slummer who is really struggling to keep decent. A true Slummer is one who has given up the effort."

"Who will adhere to him who abandons himself?" asked a sage one day.

Answer—The Salvation Slum Sister! Witness this from a woman to whom the Army Captain thus adhered:—

"Captain — has been my best friend.

She has watched me; picked me up when drunk. have fallen again, and she ! has picked me up again. I have! gone away from my home, and she has followed me , and begged me to be right. have come back



and she has hung on to me. She has not seen me down and left me there, but she has still kept on persevering with me; and oh! she has been so kind to my children. She is an angel of mercy!... the likes of us can't do without the likes of her. People never know how deep the Army penetrates. If it had not been for the Captain, true enough, I, for one, don't know where I should have been going. Down, down, as fast as an express!"

It was as long ago as 1883 that the first



essay was made by Army women to penetrate the dark depths of London's slums. A journalist with a big heart had been exploring, and voiced his discoveries in "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," a revealing and heart-smiting leaflet which fell into the hands of Miss Emma Booth, the first General's second daughter, who was at that time in charge of the Training Home at Clapton, London.

"We must do something," was her instant decision, and after consulting with

her mother, she put the matter before the cadets. Many were country girls, and certainly not one had realised that such things existed as were described by the quivering voice of Miss Emma, to the accompaniment of stifled sobs and falling tears.

When volunteers were asked for, who would lay aside their uniform for a shabby outfit, and give up marches and meetings in order to visit and minister to the poorest, sickest, and dirtiest people in the dangerous depths of slumdon, every cadet in the lecture hall, without an instant's delay, lifted her hand.

They began in the slums nearest their Training Home, taking a room at Hackney Wick in which four old rush-bottomed chairs, a plain deal table, some crockery, and a sack of coal constituted the furniture, while a pail and scrubbing brush for each of the chosen party were the weapons of attack.

The tenement houses were high and very dark, and they had literally to feel their way up to the top, whence they worked downwards, trying every door. Sometimes they got a fright, as when, receiving no reply, they pushed through an unclosed door and found a party of fierce-looking ruffians, whom they afterwards learned were notorious burglars, asleep on the floor!

Here is an example of what they did:— In one filthy room, where boards across upturned pails formed the only seats, sat a woman clad only in one wretched garment, a rent in which revealed her neglected flesh. She was making match-boxes at 2\frac{3}{4}d. a gross, out of which she had to buy paste, as well as twine for tying the boxes into bundles.

Her consumptive husband was out looking vainly for work, her baby lay on a heap of rags in the corner, while a bigger boy stood, his mouth and eyes wide with astonishment, gazing at the visitors. Not a clean spot was to be seen anywhere.

The cadets scrubbed the room, fetched decent things for mother and children to wear, and made the little ones look so clean and nice that their poor mother hugged and kissed them in an ecstacy of delighted surprise.

That entire family was won to Christianity, and joined the Army Corps, which, as a result of those pioneer efforts, was presently opened in the district.

A fearful epidemic of small-pox caused a break in the campaign, and when resumed it was called "The cellar gutter, and garret brigade."

The West End slums—Seven Dials and others, which are now demolished—were penetrated, and this led to work among the frequenters of the midnight streets and squares. In 1887 slum work was also begun in the East End of London by a Salvationist couple named Webb. Writing of the openair meetings then held, Mother Webb related: "I've seen Dad down in the gutter with one or two men on him, and had to go on with the singing while he struggled up, with blood on his face. But God never let him get really hurt."

"Oh, the cries and shrieks that used to come ringing up to our room. I'll never forget it. Many a time after a spree, the glass would crash at midnight, and furniture would be thrown out of the windows."

Many converts were won, and notorious characters utterly changed as a result of this brave pioneer work, and to-day the slum lass, who so truly "stooped to conquer," can go anywhere in her uniform, and has become recognised as the slum angel, or, as an American admirer has aptly christened her, "The Oueen of the Allev."

We do not fear to add that her work will go on until our cities are no longer endangered and disgraced by the existence of those darkened plague-spots known as the slums.

One of her songs runs as follows :-

Though times have changed and things improved,
'Tis matter for regret
That England's slums are not removed,
The poor are with us yet.
Reforms are slow and sin is strong,

Despair and want remain, So we must toil to right the wrong And break the captive's chain.

Experience keeps helping the slum worker to do better and more effective work. In some cases it is now found helpful for a little colony of Slum Sisters to live together, at a convenient centre, and go forth in two's, each morning, to their respective districts. But the preference of most is to take a house over a shop which can be turned into





a meeting hall, and to live in couples right in the midst of their people.

The children—ever swift to recognise their friends—attach themselves with pathetic devotion to the sisters. Any woman in uniform walking now along a slum street will quickly find herself accompanied by the barefooted little arabs; small, grubby hands will seek her own, and beautiful eyes look trustfully up into hers. Many of these little ones are as lovely and lovable as any wealthy woman's child, and the Sisters delight to wash and tidy them, and to see how quickly they learn to love cleanliness and decent ways.

They flock to the Army Sunday School, quickly catch up the sweet songs they are taught, and carry them home, to repeat to their parents. Many of the converts belonging to these little Salvation slum communities will gratefully tell how it was through a small son or daughter's singing the Army songs that they were drawn to the meetings.

So untaught are some of the children when they begin to attend that they have not even heard the Lord's prayer.

Kneeling at the penitent-form one evening a ragged boy looked up and said, wistfully: "I don't know how to pray, Sister." "Talk to God just as you would to a friend," she said gently, and he closed his eyes and appealed: "Dear sir, I want you to make me a good boy."

The oldest and the youngest make the

most insistent clutch at the Sisters' hearts. One of their joys is to sweeten and smooth the declining days of the aged. Every worker has a number of old folks on her list, to whom she ministers regularly; doing out the room of the bed-ridden, taking her nice little puddings, washing her, reading to her, making her laugh!

And when the outing days come round, what parties there are. What a borrowing of decent garments, so that Granny—if she isn't bed-ridden—can set forth suitably clad.

At least twice a year these charges of our Sisters are lured from their dingy haunts. Once in the summer, to sit in a flowery park till lunch time, to dine in a big marquee on the lawn of the Clapton "Nest" Little Girls' Home, to watch those sweet girlies drilling and singing; to skip and play ball with them, and to have a dainty tea served by those bright little maidens.





The other outing is at New Year time; a Christmas dinner in some big hired hall, with special music and other pleasures to follow the feast.

The last time the aged General met such a company he was unable to see their faces; but at the end of his sympathetic address he went down amongst them, and they flocked round him, old people and Slum Sisters together, to clasp his fingers or even touch his coat. One old woman, in her zeal, seized his hand and imprinted on it a resounding kiss.

"Enjoy hearing him, my dear?" she cried, "Why, it's been glorious! But his heart. Oh, what a heart! He's good, I tell you. God loves him!"

Christmas treats, with garments and toys for all, and summer outings for children, are also among the Sisters' unselfish pleasures. The small slum girl's plea in the latter connection has been voiced as follows\_by a Salvationist writer:—

Your head would be a tangled shock, You'd have to wear a ragged frock; Hungry or sick you'd often feel; You'd never get a proper meal; You'd long a cared-for child to be, If you were me. You'd get so tired of paving-stones,
And nasty smells and aching bones:
You'd wish you had some place to play
Where noisy carts were far away,
And you could run with footsteps free,
If you were me.

You'd love the dear Slum Captain so,
She'd be the best friend you could know:
You'd pray to God because she prayed
And said you need not be afraid:—
"The country, Lord, please let me see,"
If you were me.

Our Officers so clever are,
They make so little go so far;
When they arrange their outing days
Five shillings for six children pays.
If two-and-six you sent for three
One might be me!

But one day cannot accomplish much, beyond giving the tripper a new vision and something to dream of through the three hundred and sixty-four other dreary days.



More and more permanent work is attempted as the years go on. Holiday homes for tired mothers and little ones are opened in the summer months, so far as funds allow.

Small Eventide Homes, into which the aged Granny—who has outlived all her friends and dreads the workhouse far more than the grave—can be received, are also now in evidence.

Emigration to, and adoption in, Canada, for children who have no homes, or worse than none, is another outlet. And the removal from the slums to some more healthy neighbourhood of families who are climbing back to respectability—to see these things happening is the only reward the Sisters seek for their labours.

Let legislators wrestle with housing problems and social reformers do all they can to better conditions. The Sisters will rejoice in their every success. But meanwhile, they must go on, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and dying, and ministering to all the needy, sure of the approval, all along, of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me!"

R. T.

[The Headquarters of the Salvation Army Slum Work is at 280, Mare Street, Hackney, London, N.E.]

### BEYOND THE ARCHWAY.

THERE is a spot in a far-away forest where, at the end of a long majestic aisle of trees, a great archway stands. Beyond it many mysteries may be seen by those who have eyes to see. For those whose hearts are hard, it has no secrets.

I have stood there when Autumn was painting the forest copper and gold, and have watched the setting sun light up the hills and valleys beyond, with his golden touch. Soft grey and pink-tipped clouds rose to bid him God-speed as he passed onwards into the Unknown. As I watch the colours deepen and grow paler, it seemed that I passed through the great archway, and came to the region of the sunset.

I felt a strange sense of freedom, of exhilaration. It was as though I had entered a vast and undiscovered country of boundless possibilities. I was one with the sunset—one with the rich colours round me—one with the breath of the hills—one with all that is beautiful on the earth.

And I cried: "Let me go forth no more!"
But a voice from the heart of the sunset
answered: "Nay, return from whence
thou camest. Go, tell thy vision to those
who seek. Tell them of the Oneness of all
that is good and beautiful—of the divine
reflection of it. Go quickly, for they grow
weary who wait for the message!"

Then I found myself once more behind the great archway. The last faint tints of the sunset had paled into evening, and the sky looked cold.

But as I passed out of the forest, "a Star was shining in the East."

I am weary of deeds done inside myself, I am weary of voyages inside myself, And of heroism wrought by strokes of the

And of a beauty made up of formulæ.

I am ashamed of lying to my work,
Of my work lying to my life,
And of being able to content myself,
By burning sweet spices,
With the mouldering smell that is master
here.—Tagore.

### A PLEA FOR INDIA.

### THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS DEPUTATION.

Reprinted from the "Christian Commonwealth."

In the present crash and turmoil of home politics, the visit of the Indian National Congress Deputation to England runs a chance of being overlooked; yet the welfare and content of India is a matter of no less importance to the Empire than the pacification of the militant unrest in Ireland, and distance blinds the self-centred home population to the growing alienation from Great Britain of her huge "dependency."

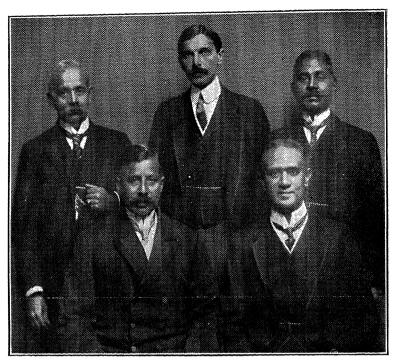
The British public has never vet set itself to face the Indian problem; it thinks vaguely of India as a half-civilised country. benevolently ruled for its own good by "the best Civil Service in the world," and when it hears of unrest and discontent it piously wonders at the ingratitude returned for the blessings bestowed upon it. knows nothing of the great and ancient civilisation which existed ere Athens rose and Rome was founded; it knows not that Greek philosophers sought wisdom from India, and that the literature which still dominates Europe drew largely from Indian thought; it knows not that the trade and commerce of India spread westwards to Asia Minor and to Egypt, that her manufactures were eagerly sought for by Roman patricians, that in the Middle Ages Venice and Holland grew wealthy by the import of her products, that European travellers in the days of the Stuarts wrote in amazement of her art and of the wealth and luxury abounding on every side, and that even in the middle of the eighteenth century Phillimore wrote that "the droppings of her soil fed distant regions." The better educated have a vague idea of the more modern part of her literature, of the dramas of Kalidasa, of the poems of Tulsidas and Kabir, of the philosophical writings of Shankaradiarya, Ramanuja, and Madhoa, of the inspiring ethics of Nanak and Tukaram; but even they do not realise that Indian literature does not belong only to really ancient

times, but rolls down in an unbroken stream to the eighteenth century, and is of unparalleled beauty and richness. What does the English democracy know of the great modern Indian kingdoms, of the strength and magnificence of the Mughal Empire, the splendid achievements of the Maratha power? Arrogant Englishmen speak of the want of initiative and of power of organisation in Indians, forgetting all their modern triumphs, as well as their ancien' glory, and calmly ignoring the record even of the last fifty years, with the great prime ministers of Indian States-States which, in many respects, are advancing more rapidly then British India. People speak of the Pax Britannica, but forget that when the East India Company come to India it came because it was attracted by the

### EXTRAORDINARY WEALTH AND PROSPERITY

of the country, and that the existence of such wealth proved that a stable and secure civilisation existed, despite the wars of rival Banks, credit, wealthy merchants spoke eloquently of the state of civilisation then existing, and of the initiative and power of organisation of the Indians who lived under it. The unrestrained export of her foodstuffs due to the railways caused far more numerous and more widely spread famines than did the occasional destruction of crops by war in a restricted locality. The prevalence of malaria, largely due to the swamps created by embankments, which prevent the old free course of water into the rivers, and the ravages of plague, which is now practically established all over India; these things are a heavy offset to the Pax Britannica. And the broad fact remains that India was rich and is poor.

It is clear, however, that with the growth of the West the old civilisations of the East could not have remained unmodified, and India, like other nations, would, in any case,



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[Photo Miss Lizzie Caswall Smith.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS DEPUTATION, MAY 20th, 1914. Mr. S. Sinha, Mr. M. A. Jinnah, Mr. M. Haque, Mr. B. M. Sarma, Mr. N. M. Samarth.

have been obliged to pass into a new condition of things. Many of us believe that, in the wider issues, the coming of British rule into India will prove ultimately to be for the good of both nations and of the world at large. English education forced the ablest of the Indian people to imbibe the modern spirit, and a new love of liberty began to stir in their hearts and inspire their minds. They eagerly drank the milk of the new spirit at England's breast, and there was a moment when, had England grasped the opportunity, the gratitude of India would have enshrined her in India's India looked to England as the mother of free institutions, and, new to these Western methods, would have gladly learned them at her hands. The National Congress was founded, India's first effort to imitate the representative system, and to lay before the Ruling Power by the voice of her representatives her needs, her troubles, and her hopes. It is idle to say that the Congress does not represent India; every such body represents first a section of the more advanced of the nation, as the burgesses of Edward I were the first representatives of the Commonalty of England; popular institutions must grow; they cannot spring full-armed as Minerva from the head of Jove. The National Congress is India articulate and self-conscious, and the little regard paid to it in England, the lack of sympathy, nay, the utter blindness shown to the extraordinary initiative and power of organisation proved during the twenty-eight years

of the life of this National Parliament-the only strength of which lies in the voluntary obedience and the self-disciplined co-operation of the educated class-all this has embittered the India that erst believed, but now disbelieves, in England's love of liberty. How can she believe in it in face of the Arms Act, the Press Act, the house searchings, the espionage, the autocracy, the frustation of her dearest hopes, the treatment of her noblest as inferiors, the utter disregard of the promises made in 1858? When England sees outrages in any other country she primly says that the Government ought to redress the grievances which cause them, and not crush out the symptoms and punish free expression, and she opens her arms to the political refugees. When she meets them in her own dominions she forgets her advice to others, falls back on the very methods she condemns, sees sedition in every appeal to right wrongs, and she, who sheltered and protected Stepniak, a leader of the Terror and an advocate of political assassination, on the ground that his crimes were political, refuses to recognise any difference between

### POLITICAL AND ORDINARY CRIME

in her own dominions. She says, as Russia said, that "murder is murder." she is right in this, and that those who use bombs cannot logically object to hanging; but is it consistent to give sanctuary to foreign murderers and to hang Indian boys for similar crimes? However this may be, India wants no murderers, and her educated classes detest crime, political or other. The anarchical movement is alien, not native, and is inspired and directed from abroad. The National Congress has steadfastly worked along constitutional lines; attempt by the party of violence to capture it at Surat met with ignominious failure; it stands as the representative of orderly and constitutional progress, and asks only that India shall be recognised as a nation, shall be given self-government, and shall form an integral part of the Empire, composed of self-governing communities. She asks no more than this; she will be satisfied with nothing less.

IT IS TREASON TO THE EMPIRE to conceal this fact, and to cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." India is willing that the change from foreign autocracy to self-government shall come gradually, but it must come steadily; the aim must be recognised and the progress towards it must be perceptible.

The deputation has come to lay before English statesmen certain definite matters, and the requests it brings are—like all the Congress proposals—eminently reasonable and moderate.

On July 31st, 1913, Lord Crewe announced the reconstruction of the India Council and invited criticism and suggestions. sends them. She wants no India Council at all, but, recognising that England will not give up the anachronism, she proffers a proposal or its improvement, basing her requests on the statements made by Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley in the Commons, and Lord Derby in the Lords, when the India Bill was before Parliament in 1858. The then Government stated, through Lord Stanley, "We are willing to introduce the elective principle," but they found themselves stopped by two difficulties, disturbed state of the country after the Sepov insurrection, and the impossibility of finding "a fitting and satisfactory constituency." Both these difficulties have disappeared; there is no disturbance in India of a serious nature, the whole country is enthusiastically loyal to the crown, and the constituency is provided by the Minto-Morley reforms.

### THE NEW DIFFICULTY

is that while educated India has been moving steadily forward in the love of liberty and the use of representative institutions, England has been as steadily retrogressing from all her old traditions, and that which Tories were anxious to give in 1858 is denied by Radicals in 1914. The practise of autocracy has corrupted the mother of free institutions, and the deputation comes to ask England to close the widening gulf by returning to the position of 1858, where India has stood waiting patiently, for six-and-fifty years. The deputation proposes that one-third of the

Council shall be elected by non-official India, and that of the remaining two-thirds half shall be nominated from men of capacity and merit, unconnected with Indian administration, and the second half nominated from Anglo-Indian officials, who have served for not less than ten years and have not been out of India for more than two. Surely no proposal could be more moderate; twothirds of the Council are to be nominated, so that the elected members are in a continual minority. But Congress feels that where India's case is good, the non-official third of men of light and leading will be with her. She asks also that the Council may be advisory not legislative, so that the responsibility of the Secretary of State to Parliament shall be complete. Will a socalled Liberal Government dare to refuse this modest prayer?

The deputation asks also for the long-discussed separation of executive and judicial functions, so that suitors, lawyers, and witnesses may not have to travel after the collector, intent on revenue business, at heavy cost of time and money, and often find themselves before a tired magistrate, who writes on other business while counsel are pleading, and disposes of cases by intuition rather than by evidence. If "British justice" in country districts is no longer to be sneered at, this reform must be granted.

Two other matters of vital moment are to be pressed—the

### REPEAL OF THE PRESS ACT,

or, if that be refused, the introduction into the Act of an amendment making real the illusionary protection of the High Courts—
i.e. carrying out the pledge given by the Government, on the faith of which Indian Councillors voted for the Bill. The friction caused by the foolish action of ill-advised magistrates is dangerous, and is growing worse and worse; a common peril is welding Hindus and Mohammedans together—and for this we may be thankful; but the resistance engendered is angry, bitter, and dangerous, and over this lovers of the Empire cannot rejoice. Moreover, the Act is very unfairly administered. Papers con-

ducted by Englishmen are allowed to insult Indians to any extent, and the magistracy, Nelson-like, turns on them only its blind eye. But it is Argus-eyed towards Indian papers, and the Mohammedan public is seething with indignation over the late treatment of its journals.

The second question is the position of

#### INDIANS OUTSIDE INDIA.

This cannot be evaded, for on the answer to it the safety of the Empire depends. South Africa-thanks to Lord Hardinge and to the agitation carried on by Indians on behalf of their countrymen—is probably settled for the moment. It has done its work. It has welded together all classes and the two sexes, in public patriotic agitation. Indian women have held meetings, made speeches, collected funds-an unexampled uprising of Indian womanhood of the profoundest significance and moment for the All distinctions of caste have equally been flung aside, and all united in a common protest. Lord Hardinge, with a statesman's insight, saw the approaching danger, and, like Richard II, put himself at the head of the surging crowds ere they broke into tumult. The lesson of what India united can do will never be forgotten, and will be utilised in the future. The question remains: Will Great Britain remain idle while the colonies wreck the Empire, and while the United States justify the exclusion of Indians by their example? What have Indians done that they alone, of all the nations of the world, should be pent within their own land, into which every foreigner may tramp unchecked? All may have their will of India, may swarm over her soil, exploit her resources, and insult her people with the assertion of their fancied superiority. Indians alone are to find every door shut in their faces abroad, while the highest posts in their own land are also closed against them. Cannot England see the intolerable position into which she is allowing the whole Indian nation to be forced? There are three hundred millions of people in India; education is spreading; communications are open; the people read and understand what is passing all over the world. They are still patient and forbearing, but they are growing more bitter and estranged every month. The situation is becoming maddening, and it cannot last. A whole nation cannot be held for ever in thrall and confined within its own borders, forbidden expansion without while denied freedom within. India sends to England a deputation of worthy, soberjudging, reliable, quiet men. These are no wild extremists, no mad theorists; they are patriots; lovers of liberty, loyal subjects of the Crown, would-be citizens of the Empire.

They ask for the primary rights of educated human beings, freedom to take part in the government of their own country, freedom to travel, as others travel, within the Empire, freedom to earn their bread by the labour of their own brains and their own hands. They plead for a nation of three hundred millions, which would love England and defend her Empire, if fairly treated. Will England treat their plea with denial or contempt?

ANNIE BESANT.

### IMAGES.

God Himself, the father and fashioner of all that is, older than the Sun or the Sky, greater than time and eternity and all the flow of being, is unnameable by any lawgiver, unutterable by any voice, not to be seen by any eye. But we, being unable to apprehend His essence, use the help of sounds and names and pictures of beaten gold and ivory and silver, of plants and rivers, mountain-peaks and torrents, yearning for the knowledge of Him, and in our weakness naming all that is beautiful in this world after His nature—just as happens to earthly lovers.

To them the most beautiful sight will be the actual lineaments of the beloved, but for remembrance sake they will be happy in the sight of a lyre, a little spear, a chart perhaps, or a running-ground, or anything in the world that wakens the memory of the beloved.

Why should I further examine and pass judgment about Images? Let men know what is divine, let them know: that is all.

If a Greek is stirred to the remembrance of God by the art of Phidias, an Egyptian by paying worship to animals, another man by a river, another by fire—I have no anger for their divergences; only let them know, let them love, let them remember.

Defence of Idols, MAXIMUS OF TYRE.

Professor Gilbert Murray's "Four Stages of Greek Religion."

### THE TRUE MARTYR.

The Martyr worthiest of the bleeding name. Is he whose life a bloodless part fulfils; Whom racks nor tortures tear, nor poniard kills

Nor heat of bigot's sacrificial flame: But whose great soul can to herself proclaim The fulness of the everlasting ills

With which all pained Creation writhes and thrills,

And yet pursue unblenched her solemn aim;

Who works, all knowing work's futility; Creates, all-conscious of ubiquitous death; And hopes, believes, adores, while Destiny Points from life's steep to all her graves beneath;

Whose Thought 'mid scorching woes is found apart—

Perfect amid the flames, like Cranmer's heart!

T. WADE.



HINKING of Christ and hearing what men say Anent His second coming some near day, Unto the me of me, I turned to ask, What can we do for Him, and by what task,

Or through what sacrifice, can we proclaim Our mighty love, and glorify His name?

Whereon myself replied (thinking of Christ): Has not God's glory unto Him sufficed? What need has He of temples that men raise? What need has He of any songs of praise? Not sacrifice nor offerings, needs He. (Thinking of Christ, so spake myself to me.)

The rivers from the mountain do not try
To feed the source from which they gain supply;
They pay their debt by flowing on and down,
And carrying comfort to the field and town.
They scatter joy and beauty on their course,
In gratitude to the Eternal Source.

And thus should we (thinking of Christ) bestow The full sweet tides of love that through us flow Upon earth's weaker creatures. To the less Must flow the greater, would we lift and bless. Christ is the mountain source; each heart a river; The thirsting meadows need us, not the Giver.

Thinking of Christ, let us proclaim His worth By gracious deeds to mortals on this earth, And while we wait His coming, let us bring Sweet love and pity to the humblest thing, And show our voiceless kin of air and sod The mercy of the Universal God.

Not by long prayers, though prayers renew our grace—Not by tall spires, though steeples have their place—Not by our faith, though faith is glorious—Can we prove Christ, but by the love in us.

Mercy and love and kindness—seek these three.

Thus (thinking of Christ) myself said unto me.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

# THE PROBLEM OF THE PYRAMIDS.



By Johannes E. Hohlenberg.

(Translated from the Danish by Karen Ewald.)

F the seven wonders of the ancient world there survives to-day only the oldest and greatest, and that will, no doubt, surpass and out-last all the achievements of man that are lying in the womb of time.

To stand at the foot of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh is never again to forget the impression of inconceivable greatness which has slowly taken form within you during the difficult climb of the mountain plateau on which it rests, as though cradled on a back. You will remember that instant of your approach when in the disappearance of the whole the eye focussed itself upon the individual stones composing it, and of which each is more than one metre in height and one-and-a-half in width. As the eye roams over the face, an uneven granulous surface is presented, which loses itself mountain-like in space, the sides seeming to touch the horizon on either side.

Upon the earth there is no construction of humanity so well-known through the medium of the pictorial, and yet, face to face, one is stricken at what seems the undreamed of and the inconceivable, for no picture can reproduce at the same time the totality and the details, and it is only the latter which can convey to the limitations of the human mind the tremendous scale upon which the pyramid has been reared.

In the autumn overflow of the Nile, its waters lap the bottom of the vertical wall

which forms the frontier of the desert, behind whose protecting crest the three pyramids are lying diagonally aslope. Eastward the narrow belt of the Nile runs north and south with a matchless fertility and freshness. The powerful sunlight infiltrating through the moist atmosphere wraps the valley in a silver-shadow, investing it with the purity of a new creation. In the background, another vertical rock-wall, the mountain Mokattam, rears itself on the lip of the desert. At the fall of the sun the air is alive with bronze shadows, and Mokattam glows rosy-red. In the moment of the sinking of the sun, the gold of the pyramids and of the desert fades away, changing into a fair, luminous shadow of the same intangible luminance as the blue of the air, and then there is one of those light-phenomena with which this place abounds.

The pyramids are saturated in a light which irradiates with equal strength in all directions about them, effacing all their sharper angles. Is it that the chalkstones have the strange power to absorb sunlight and give it out phosphorescently to the darkness? Or is it due to the sloping angles of the sides which show themselves in equipoise to the etheric light coming from space?

Something of this kind can be seen when the moon at the full hangs over the pyramids, bathing them in a rosy-red refulgence, contrasting strangely with the yellow sand. Even in the moonless nights of blackness they seem to absorb the starlight, defining themselves in lightsome contrast against the pall of the atmosphere.

Perhaps this phenomenon confirms the belief of the ancient times, which, amongst other things, is mentioned by Solinus-that the pyramids had no shadows. This is partly true. The slope of the sides is less than the altitude of the sun at noon during the greater part of the year, so that the rays can reach the northern side, and in the summer time, in the middle of the day, you will see that the pyramids literally "have no shadows." This has doubtless been the origin of the belief above-mentioned, and has an interest of its own, indicating as it does the tendency, inherent in time itself, to invest these pillars of the ages with mysterious qualities, a tendency that is ourished by the irritating mystery which broods over their age, their original purpose

and significance, and above all, by the curious life which hovers about them, and which the serious observer cannot help feeling.

In order to obtain any conception of the magnitude of the Great Pyramid, which is the first of the three, it is essential to walk around it. The circumference of the pyramid itself is almost a kilometre, and as it is fringed with huge blocks of stone and pieces of all sizes which have dropped down, the walk is no slight undertaking. As you walk, certain curious observations come to you.

It is a well-known fact that vertical lines appear to converge in height, something which many have noticed and wondered at in photographs of buildings taken at point-blank range. They look, in fact, as though they were curving backwards. You are



accustomed to see this curve, but, as a matter of actual fact, no human eye has ever seen two parallel lines for they seem always farthest apart where they meet the line of vision at a right angle and approach each other in either direction away from this point.

In the Great Pyramid we have four inclined planes, which are so huge that they quite fill up the field of vision, and without any vertical line from which to start. The impression is an unusual one. The plane evidently curves backwards—in other words, does not at all show itself as a plane, and the lines which circumscribe it are not straight, but curved, and in the projection run so much into each other that it is almost impossible to locate the apex.

If you climb half-way up the pyramid, the impression is still more confusing-you feel as if you had been translated outside the usual world of planes, into an unknown sphere, based upon other laws, where the nearest way between two points is not a straight line, but a curved one. There is no doubt that if you settled on one of the steps and lived there, you would quickly habituate yourself to refer the new impressions to the accustomed ones. measurements show, indeed, that the lines are what we call "straight," but they show that the geometrical conceptions commonly accepted are a system laboriously constructed by our intellect on the basis of certain qualities of physical matter, which no doubt help us to understand, but which cannot satisfy either pure thinking or the senses, and consequently cannot be either exhaustive or valid beyond a certain comparatively limited region in our existence.

Whether the architects of the pyramids knew about these peculiarities and the possible conclusions arising from them cannot be easily decided. They have, however, in the construction, revealed such theoretical and practical knowledge, that we can hardly attribute such ignorance to them.

These wonder-buildings undoubtedly hide secrets which can only be unravelled by the fingers of time.

Their external shape is so well-known that all description is superfluous, but there are

in the details, and in the proportions, many curious things which make a closer investigation interesting.

One of the most prominent things is their orientation in regard to the points of the compass. The east and west sides of the foundation lie in two meridians so exactly calculated that in the 233-metre-long line there is only an aberration of four minutes of arc eastward and westward. At the equinox, the points where the sun rises and sets are lying just in a prolongation of the north and south sides. When you understand how difficult it is to determine the orientation of a building with such an exactitude, you can imagine what the resources of these builders must have been.

I will in the following description confine myself to mentioning that pyramid which goes under the name of Cheops, and only now and then refer to the others for purposes of comparison. It is at the same time the largest and the best-known, and everything goes to show that it occupied the principal place.

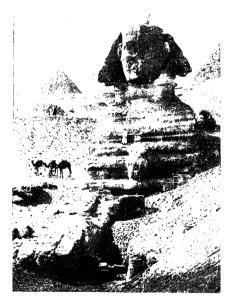
Unfortunately, it has lost the top, and the whole of the external granite covering has gradually been violently removed in order that it might be used for other buildings—consequently it is a little smaller than in its original form, but as the corner-stones of the foundation are still in place, the real dimensions are easily calculated.

The side of the base was 233 metres, the height measured from the bast to the top, 186 metres. As the angle of the slope is 51°51′; the vertical height is easily calculated, viz. 148 metres (these measurements are approximately indicated in whole metres). In looking a little closer at these figures, various things come to light. It appears that the quadrate of the vertical height is exactly the same as the area of the side-plane. This is proportionate to the base as 2:5, while the side of the base is proportionate to the median line (apothème) as 5:4.

As stated, the side is 233 metres, or to be exact, 232.805. The perimeter is, consequently, four times as long, viz. 931.22. Dividing this number by the double height, 296.41 you get 3.141592, with as many decimals as you like. Every school-boy will

recognise in this number the famous  $\pi$  the proportion of the periphery to the diameter of a circle. Supposing (as Aristides from Milet did) that the pyramid were projected underneath the ground with an exact counterpart of that above the surface, the line drawn from apex to apex would represent the diameter of a circle whose periphery is expressed by the quadratic basis, or, in other words, the problem of "squaring the circle" is here practically solved.

That this should be due to an accident is not probable, though it is astonishing. In



order to be sure that it really is so, and that it is not due to a fault in the measurements, which are difficult to ascertain in the present condition of the pyramid, we will try another method, viz. by calculating the angle in a pyramid where the proportion between the perimeter of the base and the double vertical height is equal  $\pi$ . The result is  $51^{\circ}51'14.3''$ , which is just the angle we find in the Great Pyramid. Consequently, it seems without doubt that the architects of the pyramid knew perfectly the laws of geometry.

Democritus, Pythagoras, and Euclid all gained their knowledge from the Egyptians.

In many other directions, also, astonishing revelations come to light.

As everyone knows, the modern normal metre is fixed as  $10^{-7}$  (1:10000000), by the distance from the North Pole to the Equator. The Egyptian ell, which was the unit of measure at the time when the pyramids were built, is exactly calculated at 0, m 6356521. This number has been known for a long time. and one can only be filled with the greatest surprise by the latest geodetic results, calculated by the well-known astronomer, Clarke. He finds the polar radius of the earth (the distance from the centre to the North Pole) as 6356521 metres, exactly 10-7 times the Egyptian unit of measure. Consequently, the Egyptians had chosen the radius instead of the meridian as a basis, and calculated it with the deduction for the flattening of the pole, with the minutest exactness.

One of the most important measurements in astronomy, which the astronomers have always tried to decide with constantly greater exactness, is the mean distance of the earth from the sun. From the times that people, when the world was young, supposed the sun to be of the size of Peloponnesus and at a distance of 15 kilometres, the conception of the distance has been constantly growing, until in the middle of the last century it was indicated at 154 million kilometres. From that time, every new measurement has reduced that number a little, and now it is usually said to be 149,400,000. If you multiply the height of the pyramid with 109 the result is 148,205,000 kilometers.

Is this slight disagreement due to the Egyptians or to the moderns, who have not yet arrived at the correct result?

If we measure the side of the pyramid with the Egyptian ell, we get 365·2563. An astronomer will in this number recognise the sidereal year expressed in days—the time the sun occupies in getting back to the same point of the Ecliptic.

It is quite possible to deduce other results of this kind, but it would be too elaborate, and would hardly interest anybody save the specialist. But I must mention a few other points.

The sloping passage that leads from the north side into the interior forms an angle with the horizontal plane of 26°41'. Consequently it points nearly to the North Pole of the sky, but not exactly, for the latitude of the spot is 29°58′51". Therefore you will have the Polar Star framed in the opening if you stand a little down the passage. Is it possible that this slight inexacitude (if it is one) is due to a change in the latitude of the place, i.e. of the position of the axis of the earth, or has it originally been intended to point not to the Polar Star, but to another star, and is it possible by means of this to answer the question of the time of the building of the pyramids? I yield this question to the astronomers, and might say that the experiment has been made by an English astronomer, who, as a starting point, He found the vear to be 2170 B.C.

An Egyptian astronomer, Mahmud Bey, has made a similar attempt. He started from the postulate that Sirius, which from the ancient times was the chief star of the Egyptians—the star which, for instance, indicates the rising of the Nile—had surely played a part in the construction of the pyramids, and tried to deduce a connection between them. He stated that Sirius, in its daily culmination, stands approximately at right-angles to the base of the pyramid, and found that by taking into account the precession and other periodical movements, this had exactly been the case 3303 B.C.

An Arabian writer, Abu Zeyd, says, relying upon an old tradition, that it was built at the time when the Lyre was in the constellation of the Crab. This is probably to be understood as when the summer solstice colure, passed through the Lyre, which probably happened about 10,000 B.C. Here also I will leave the matter to the astronomers.

However, we will continue our wandering, and will investigate the interior.

The entrance, as stated, is on the north side, at a height of 15 metres, to which a sort of balustrade on e ther side leads. It consists of a square hole, a little more than

a metre high and much narrower. A tremendous chalkstone block lies above the opening, forming a sort of roof, but as the present entrance is lying several metres inside the original surface, it is impossible to say how it was closed. Probably it was covered with a stone, hanging upon a horizontal axis, which, swinging backwards and forwards, gave room to the person who entered. In the two other pyramids, where the external granite covering is more or less preserved, traces of such a system are visible.

The passage is so low that it is necessary to bend constantly. The floor and the walls are of finely polished chalkstone—very slippery. It is about 100 metres in length, and leads down to a subterranean chamber, but long ere you reach that you will notice a huge block of granite in the ceiling, which contrasts strongly with the surroundings, which are of yellow-white chalkstone.

Formerly, another upward sloping passage of the same dimensions as this debouched at this point. By an excavation around the granite block, made by a son of Harun al Raschid, you can get to the other side of this, and will then have to climb another passage not less smooth and troublesome than the first.

This gives on to a little platform, and now we are standing in the famous Grand Gallery. In the pale light of a couple of candles, you will see just before you an opening that leads into a dark passage, and on either side a narrow and steep barrier, which above the top of the door turns into an upward sloping plane which loses itself in the darkness of the background. Up above you can just faintly discern the ceiling at an apparently dizzy height (8.50 metres), and, on the right, a black opening shows in the floor, the passage down to the so-called well, which, at a depth of 64 metres, runs into the lowest passage near the subterranean chamber.

Following the passage straight away, one comes to a square room, the ceiling of which is formed of sloping beams of stone, whilst in the wall to the left is set high a lofty niche. In order to reach the slanting gallery, it is necessary to balance along the wall and one of the side barriers, and further on along the

perfectly polished and slippery inclined plane. Recently some steps have been hewn at this spot in order to diminish the risk of a slip, and the fall down the opening to the horizontal passage.

Along the walls, all the way up, run a couple of barriers, sixty centimetres high, in which at intervals twenty-seven recesses are hewn out on each side.

In the uppermost end of the gallery, one stands again in a horizontal passage, and enters a kind of anti-chamber, after stooping under a hanging block of granite. There has obviously been a fastening mechanism, which now is destroyed, as one sees in the wall over the low doors vertical furrows in which stone blocks would appear to have glided by means of a wing system, for the holes are



evident in which their axes have been resting, but it is impossible to determine the arrangement in its details.

At last one reaches the so-called King's Chamber, a big square room with a flat ceiling, formed of nine enormous granite beams, about six metres long. The walls are covered with brightly polished granite which is so carefully fitted together that one can let the fingers pass over the joints without feeling them. At the west wall stands a granite sarcophagus, not much bigger than a bath, and without a cover. The walls of the sarcophagus are about ten centimetres thick, and give a beautiful tone if one taps on them.

In the upper end of the Grand Gallery a round hole is visible over your head, which

can only be reached by means of ladders and ropes. It is the entrance to five low rooms placed each over the other, and above the Chamber of the King. Their purpose seems enigmatical.

They are generally supposed to have helped to carry off the tremendous stress on the ceiling beams, though at the same time it is declared that this precaution was superfluous, and in any case such an hypothesis does not show much confidence in the ability of the Egyptian architects.

But this is not the only enigma in the building. For what purpose are the three chambers lying at different heights? For what purpose is the tremendous gallery with the curious side-barriers? For what purpose is the deep well, which no doubt was built at the same time as the pyramid, because its narrowness and depth would make its later excavation a material impossibility? A comparison with the other pyramids does not give any information. In the third and smallest, the distribution of rooms is upon quite a different plan, in some degree exactly opposite to the other. A sloping passage leads to a deep-lying room in the floor of which is the mouth of a gallery which leads downwards and ends in a room where the sarcophagus stood, which now is lying at the bottom of the sea outside Malaga. Another room with six niches is lying still seven steps deeper.

In the middle pyramid there are no doubt unknown rooms. The only part of it that is known is lying under the base, and the whole pyramid, which is almost of the same dimensions as the Great Pyramid, should consequently be massive all through—which is very improbable.

In the Great Pyramid everything seems to be known. The arrangement forms a characteristic whole, and at each step taken one seems to sense the plan without ever being able to grasp it fully. All attempts to do so simply end in a feeling of utter indecision, and of its solemnity and greatness, mingled with an irritating consciousness of one's own ignorance.

At the east side of the two smaller pyramids, and close up to them, are lying the ruins of two temples. They seem to be part of a complete plan, each with one pyramid, though nobody has succeeded in finding any internal connection between them. Generally, they are said vaguely to have served as places for the cult of the dead king, though their dimensions and complicated design, with many little chambers, appear to suggest an entirely different purpose. It is significant that there are no traces of any temple near the Great Pyramid itself. Consequently, Cheops has, presumably, not been the object of any cult.

After this synopsis of the exterior and interior of the pyramids, their proportions and material, we will try from what we have seen to deduce the people who have built them, the time of their building, and their original purpose.

Many different opinions have been given to the world in this respect, each one more curious than the other.

The one that has obtained the widest recognition, and which is usually regarded as fixed, is that they are monuments raised over the kings Kufu (Cheops), Kephren, and Menkerah, whose mummies are said to have rested in the inmost chambers.

Before we examine this theory more closely, I will quote some other opinions. Plinius, who, like Herodotus, reports with reservations what he has heard, assumes that the real object of the erection of the pyramids was to give the people work in order that their attention might be distracted from politics, and therefore, from rebellion.

The remedy seems to be well thought out, though it is scarcely likely he had any reason for fear, who had it in his power to command the number of hands which have been necessary to accomplish such a work. Plinius also suggests that they have been used as depositories for treasures. This belief is still extant amongst the Arabs, who hold many legends of the precious things they have contained, and still contain. Some contend that they were used as depositories of important documents during the time of the Flood. Others have regarded them as a kind of standard for the Egyptian system of weights and measures, or as a collective expression of the people's knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, physics, and so

on—a standard that later times, also, have dreamed of re-discovering in order that the highest results of civilisation might be memorialised in lasting form and saved from all political and natural upheavals as a heritage to posterity.

This hypothesis is, as we have seen, not at all improbable—it is only insufficient.

Others have merely regarded them as dykes against the sanddrift, and have in the sphinx seen a mystic talisman, which, it is true, is turning its tail to the element it is supposed to be conquering, and has not been able even to save itself from being buried again and again!

Finally, somebody has supposed them to be the provision rooms where Joseph stored the corn from the seven fat years. It is hard to imagine any purpose for which they are less fit.

The only plausible hypothesis among these is the tomb-hypothesis, because it is the most widely recognised. It comes down from the historians of the ages, and has been supported analogically by the other pyramids, which are to be found in great number along the edge of the desert on the left bank of the For several of these are doubtless tombs, but they are in construction and dimensions so different to the three big pyramids at Gizeh, that nothing can really be determined from the comparison. Nor can the circumstance that in the immediate neighbourhood of these there are rocktombs justify anybody in attributing to them the same object.

Generally, one relies on the famous tale in the second book of Herodotus, where he relates his visits to the pyramids. His power of observation, his memory, and the honest account he gives of what he has heard, even when it appears improbable to him, have in other directions preserved useful and interesting information from his time; but here, above all, the closest scrutiny is Those statements which are necessary. founded upon facts still capable of verification-as, for instance, the proportions of the pyramids—are many of them incorrect, and when he imagines that in some fossils, which can be found in great number in the chalkstone, he sees petrified lentils and peas left

from the meals of the workers, it is a story of the same kind as the Bedouins of the desert nowadays tell the raw traveller.

The priests seem, for reasons which we will examine later, to have concealed what they did not wish to be known, and, therefore, to have told visitors what are obviously lying tales. Here is surely the explanation of what Aristides of Milet declares he has heard from the priests themselves—that the pyramids had a subterranean half, an exact counterpart of the one above the ground—something of the kind that the moderns have tried to accomplish in the church of the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre.

The best proofs of the grave-hypothesis are to be found in the writings of Diodoros of Sicily and of Strabon. Herodotus' statement is doubtful. He tells that Cheops ordered the Great Pyramid to be built, and that he fitted up a sepulchral subterranean chamber, but he does not mention whether these two

things have any connection, though south of the pyramids, close to the great sphinx, is a subterranean tomb that quite agrees with the narrative of Herodotus, amongst other things on the point, that the waters of the Nile, at their highest, are level with the tomb, whilst the deepest chamber of the pyramid lies high above that point. But the other two men disagree upon the question of the builder, and upon the surprising circumstance that such monumental works. the construction of which required colossal efforts, have never been used for the purpose for which they were intended, for it seems beyond doubt that no mummy has ever rested inside them. As a reason for this. one of the authors alleges the tremendous hate stirred up by the kings against themselves through these undertakings, which made them fear to confide their mummies to such a dangerous resting place, and who are supposed to have secretly chosen another



place in which to be buried. The thought is natural, even apart from the explanation given, for their endeavours always turned upon securing for their mummies a place where they could rest undisturbed through eternity, and the pyramids do not seem very appropriate for this purpose, as they were necessarily at all times bound to attract the attention of the whole world.

They are, as I have said before, generally attributed to the three kings Kufe, Kephren, and Menkerah, of the fourth Dynasty, who reigned about 3000 B.C., but other names are also mentioned in connection with them. There is no agreement even upon the point as to whether they have anything at all to The third and smallest do with kings. pyramid, which, in beauty of material, surpasses the others, is sometimes attributed to a queen Nitokris; in the opinion of others, it belongs to a beautiful courtesan, Rhodopis, and is said to have been built to her memory by thankful lovers. Yet such a generosity seems unthinkable.

Perhaps this myth has some connection with the story related by the Arab author, Makrizi, in which he alleges that the pyramid has a guardian spirit, who in the shape of a beautiful naked woman, every night an hour after sunset, and at midnight, wanders three times around it and tries to tempt the men who approach. I have not been fortunate enough to meet her, though I have walked there at the times mentioned.

Nor have I seen the phenomenon that a French scientist, William Graff, mentions in a report to the French Académie des Sciences in 1897. About eight o'clock one night he saw a light, which seemed to issue from the pyramid, and slowly hovered about it at half its height from the ground. It disappeared behind it, and re-appeared from the other side after about ten minutes. Two hours later, a similar light was visible at the same spot, but of another colour. It glided slowly up to the top, and some way vertically into the air, where it disappeared. He offers several hypotheses—as, for instance, the theory of some phosphorescence carried from the interior of the pyramid by a bat, but acknowledges that none of them are satisfying. Upon interrogating the

Arabs, he was told that it was a well-known and often observed phenomenon, which they associated partly with the myth about Rhodopis, partly with an old tale about King Menkerah, who, through fear of assassins, never dared to sleep in the dark, and, after his death, continued to have a light each night in his pyramid.

These fantastic tales only indicate that we know very little from history, and that the material upon which the usual theories are built is slender enough.

A well-known writer describes the safe feeling which takes possession of the historian when there only exists one document in connection with some historical object, for if there are two, they are nearly always incompatible. In regard to the pyramids at Gizeh, we have still safer foundation, for they differ from all the other Egyptian monuments in having no inscriptions whatever. Only in one spot, in the uppermost of the low rooms in the King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid, has the name Kufu been found, inscribed in red. On this single inscription, together with Herodotus' doubtful story, are the theories built which attribute the pyramid to this king.

On the other hand, there are many things which contradict, not only that it is the grave of King Kufu, but that it is a grave at all. Why the three chambers and the complicated system of passages? People have tried to explain it by the theory that the original design, which only had one room, had probably been enlarged. It has been stated that the size of the pyramid was in direct proportion to the lifetime of the king, that it was gradually erected around its own centre, so that it might be possible to stop the work at any time when the king died, and that it consequently expressed the length of his reign as the rings of a tree's trunk express the age of the tree. Both the plan of the building, which absolutely gives the impression of being one piece, and the exact orientation, show the absurdity of this idea, which more than anything else is a kind of despairing attempt to solve the problem.

To this must be added the circumstance that there never have been mummies in the

sarcophagi, for which, as we have seen, several explanations have been given. But the sarcophagi themselves make the theory just as improbable. About twelve kilometres south of the pyramids at Gizeh, near the ruins of Memphis, are the subterranean Apis-tombs, which in 1851 were discovered and exhumed by Mariette. They hold twenty-four sarcophagi, each hewn in one single granite block, more than 4 metres in length, 3.50 metres in height, and 2.50 metres in width. By the side of these, the sarcophagi of the pyramids dwindle to almost nothing. Each of those would be able to hold an elephant—in those of the pyramids a human being can just find room. If they gave such a resting place to an Apis, would a king be contented with a bathing-tub? The covers of the Apis-sarcophagi are of such dimensions that in most cases it has been found easier to break a hole in the side than to try and lift them-and would they have allowed the mummies of the kings to lie uncovered? For the sarcophagi of the pyramids have no covers, and never seem to have had any.

Besides this, there is a peculiarity in the position of the pyramids at Gizeh which distinguishes them from all the others, and gives them a unique position, not only in Egypt, but in the whole world.

If one dares to conclude anything from it, it tells of a more comprehensive purpose than that of mere tombs.

When looking at a map of the delta of the Nile, one is at once struck by the regularity of its shape. The north coast forms, apart from some few irregularities, a circular arc of 90°, the centre of which lies in the Great Pyramid. In prolonging the diagonals of the latter, one reaches exactly the extremes of the delta, west of Alexandria, and east of Port Said. The bisection of them (the meridian of the pyramid) passes from north to south, dividing the delta into two equal parts. This was already observed by the French geographers in 1797, and later measurements have confirmed it. But there is still more. In following the meridian of the pyramid (31° 10' east of Greenwich) all over the earth, it appears to be the one of all the earth's meridians that passes through the greatest tract of land. The same thing is the case with the circle of latitude (30° north). Further, these circles each divide the earth into two hemispheres, which hold exactly the same area of land and sea. Consequently, the Great Pyramid should be in the real sense the navel of the earth, and if this statement can be upheld, it will, in the highest degree, support the idea that the pyramids are meant as something more than mere burial places. To call things like that coincidence is simply to beg the whole question.

For what purpose then, have they been used?

The deduction from the pyramids at which we have arrived in the foregoing, will undoubtedly be greeted on all hands by the objection that in none of the documents, inscriptions, pictures, and similar things left from old Egypt, is there any suggestion that the Egyptians should have possessed such astronomical, mathematical, and geographical knowledge as the above conclusions postulate. We have tried by the indicated methods to deduce the religion, the knowledge, and the habits of the Egyptians. But it would be just as impossible to say that they believed this or that as it would be nowadays to say that Europe has this or that religion. There was just as great a difference between the belief of the priests and the common people as there is between the beliefs of an inhabitant of the slums and the most enlightened thinker, and we can just as little deduce from the Book of the Dead as in Nietszche's Zarathustra, Häckel's book on Monism, or any other of the typical books of our time, we could find expression for the spiritual standpoint of Europe as a whole. Modern thought expresses itself in quite a different language to that of the olden times, but it is an entirely erroneous idea that the old, metaphorical mythology should be less exact or exhaustive than the modern, abstractmathematical mythology. We have only lost the way of understanding and the power

How can we seriously believe that the Greeks, those born philosophers, should have created and been content with a mythology that was nothing more than the insipid

product into which our æsthetes and philologers have transformed it? In some of Plato's Dialogues we can find suggestions of something entirely different to that. And is it really possible that anybody thinks that the Egyptian priests, from whom both the Jewish and the Greek culture descends. believed in the whole system of gods, with the heads of birds, cats, and dogs, in the same way as an Italian peasant believes in his saints?

If you want to find the life which was the real soul of the Egyptian temples and pyramids, it is useless to search for it in the



place itself. It has left its stamp ineffaceably upon them—it has moulded them, as it seems, for Eternity, and we can read much out of them—but we cannot find the thing itself there any more, just as little as in a dried-up river-bed can we find the water that once filled it, or in an extinguished glow-lamp, the current that made it shine, and for the expression of which it was made.

We must search for it where it now is, follow it up through those of its ramifications and channels which have not been lost in the

sands of time, separate as far as possible the mud and the slag which later have been mixed with, and have obscured it, for only by so doing can we finally hope to reach down to the residue which is still left in its full purity.

We have seen that the pyramids hide in them the formulæ of abstract results, which still. in various domains, represent our highest knowledge. But that does not explain their secret. What were their practical purposes, and what connection is there between these and the symbols of wisdom they contain?

Throughout the ancient times there existed an institution, the real objective of which has always been an enigma, and which we sometimes, through ignorance, have tried to reduce to nothing. I am referring to the so-called "Mysteries." In all the cultured countries of those ages, we find them existing in different forms and with different names, and all the great men from Pythagoras to Paul, from Thales to Harmonius Sakkas, owe to them their chief thoughts and the various symbolical expressions through which they delivered them. As those times were eroded by the later periods, these societies were broken up, and their contents dispersed.

The chief veins of thought, expressed in more or less veiled language, gradually became common property, whilst the formal part, the internal arrangements, the ceremonies, and other similar things, remained secret.

Both of these currents can be found in our days. The thoughts are those upon which we all exist. The great achievement of the European culture-evolution has been to formulate and verify them by their application to the physical world; it has, through this, created the physical-mathematical mythology—which, indeed, it has often erroneously imagined to contain the whole of the truth, but which, nevertheless, has made possible an understanding of the visible world which no former culture-period has accomplished to the same degree.

The other current is to be found in certain still-surviving secret societies, which, however, in our days possess few real secrets, but which the more have kept the ceremonies unchanged. The most typical is the Society of the Freemasons, who, in their ceremonies, names, and expressions, point directly back to Egypt. There we find something like the mummy of the thing which embodied in itself the positive qualities of the Mysteries, viz. the personal consecration, and here is, at last, the key to the pyramids.

How this consecration was performed in its details it is difficult to trace, though the elements are still alive, and show themselves in many places—partly misunderstood, as in the many little occult societies which swarm all over the world, partly not understood where they come into collision with orthodox science, something which happens ever more frequently.

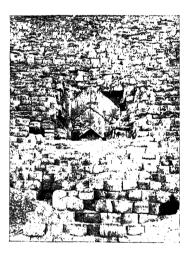
According to the suggestions that can be discovered in various places, the consecration consisted of a theoretical and of a practical part, lasted some years, and passed through different stages, to the highest of which only a few attained. It was preceded by a long preparation, in which the aspirant's moral and physical qualities were submitted to a severe trial. We have a reminiscence of these preparations in "The Magic Flute," which, as is well known, has taken its theme from the Freemasons, and undoubtedly we are reminded of them in the ceremonies of consecration, the details of which are unknown to me.

This was the purpose served by the pyramids at Gizeh, and by the temples, the ruins of which adjoin them. They were the centres from which the light of knowledge irradiated the earth. Here were delivered. from generation to generation, the thousandyear-old traditions which they possessed, and which reached back through the mists of the ages—beyond the schisms and crampings which even before the historical times had made human beings forget their past. In their mysterious passages and chambers, the neophyte was led through the last decisive trials, until finally, in the centre room of the Great Pyramid, after his final submersion in the hidden world of his soul, he awakened after a sleep of three days as a new child of humanity, fully conscious through all his being, deep down into that realm which a later time has called the unconscious, or

sub-conscious, though it, like the ether of the physicists, seems to be actually more real than the general waking consciousness.

For the now almost-forgotten and only partially re-discovered methods, used for this purpose, did the curious galleries, the deep wells, and the open sarcophagi serve; here were regained as a personal inner experience the doctrines which until that moment were given as mere tradition, and which later obtained their forms through the systems of Pythagoras, Moses, Paul, and Philon.

What is least attractive to the modern mind in this, is the mystery in which these things were wrapped, but we shall under-



stand the advantage of this when we realise that this culture remained at its zenith for at least four thousand years, and probably longer, without degenerating or weakening, whilst in our days a new culture-period starts nearly every century.

The fight waged by the consecrated Egyptians, when degeneration at last commenced through contact with Rome, the great destroyer of all culture-flowers, in order to preserve the magnificent heritage of the past, forms one of the most impressive spectacles in history.

Part of the knowledge they possessed was dispersed through the countless Schools of Philosophy, which crowded the first century of our chronology, until gradually, what was left after the persecutions of Rome and Islam gathered itself together into the broad stream which is called modern science. The real origin of this is almost always forgotten, but we ought to remember that its founders, men like Copernicus and Kepler, did not conceal the fact that they had obtained their principles and ideas from Egypt.

So far as the principles and all the personal and practical sides of consecration were concerned, this element was quite isolated, and continued to belong only to certain secret societies. It came to Europe at the time of the Crusades, and is constantly cropping up, even in our own days, in spite of much persecution.

These are the two arms of the old river, which, even though weakened and diluted by time, is kept fairly pure, because they, like the Rosettia and Damiette arms of the Nile, have parted absolutely, and each retained its own direction. Between them can be found countless more or less muddy and tortuous streams, which have tried to unite both, which hitherto has not been possible. We meet them under various names in our own times—best known are they as the protagonists in the fight between what is called knowledge (science) and belief (religion).

In the doctrine of the Egyptians they were still a unity, for they knew that no formula—no law—can express nature's inmost being; that only he who penetrates into himself, and from what he finds there is able to formulate anew what others have taught him, can get an answer to all riddles; they knew that all erudition, with which there is not associated a thorough and corresponding change of personality in every sense of the word and in all its expressions, only creates illusion, a false show of knowledge, and is destructive both for the individual and for the community as a whole.

This is more than obvious in our times. Nobody can help seeing the enormous disproportion between the intellectual and the moral development in the countries of modern culture; and this provides the key to the paradox of why, in spite of the greater positive knowledge in which, thanks to the

education of the people, almost everybody has a share to-day, the general level of intelligence is so much lower, and in such a striking degree, than in earlier periods of the earth's history.

The reason is this: We have segregated the intelligence to quite a small part of its real domain. The so-called scientific perception, which only expresses one single facet of existence, is the only one that has succeeded in establishing itself on a firm basis, whilst the other sides of human life are living on the remnants and pieces of other times.

Perhaps the time is not far away when human beings will both refuse to be contented with the religious ignoramus and with the philosophic ignorabimus; but, instead, will look for knowledge there where it is to be found—i.e. along the path which in the



consecration places of the ancient times was taught to be the right and only channel to knowledge, and the formula of which one of them put as a symbol over the door—Know Thyself.

But because of this, it is not necessary to return to the old methods. Each period is equally free and equally spontaneous in regard to the truths which lie behind life, and will find them out in its own way. They are as the manna in the desert, which every day falls afresh, and which must be eaten as it falls. The manna from yesterday is decayed.

If we regard the pyramids from this point of view, and taking them as they stand at this day, destroyed as far as it has been in the power of human beings to destroy them, violently opened, robbed of their material—from which other buildings have been constructed, which long ago have perished—discussed and misunderstood, overrun by tourists—(the bed-bugs of the globe, against whom all countries should unite), but yet mightier than anything that human beings of a later time have created, imperishable as the earth herself, filled with the past and yet belonging to the future, in all their internal details perfect as the day they were made, so that not a stone has pushed itself out of place the hundredth of

an inch—when we look at them from this point of view, do they become the symbol of the wisdom which created them, which they served and which they express; the wisdom which, like them, is imperishable, and, like them, can wait its time until the human consciousness has been so far projected that its parted elements can once more re-unite and form a firm foundation, upon which a quiet, unbroken, harmonious advance, without leaps and revolutions, may once again be possible.

JOHANNES A. HOHLENBERG.

#### THINGS NEW AND OLD.

Through radiant midnight skies, unfold Visions of old, transfigured, yet the same That long ago through morning portals came With love aflame.

Blend, Lord, in one, life's visions manifold; The new, the old; all that Thou hast in store,

Only unfold Thy portals more and more For evermore.

VAST unseen world that lies about me! Kingdom of the Real, within which winds the Path leading to the King. Thou region of Infinity, beyond all conceptions of Time and Space, all power of human speech or utterance; invisible to the physical eye, unfathomable by the limited mind of man, known only to the Spirit, He Who "was and is and shall be." Thou art my Temple, wherein I may worship the King, in which I may dimly behold the unspeakable glory of His Shadow cast upon the Veil hiding the Shekinah, and perchance may hear some faint echo of His Voice.

My vision is yet clouded. I can but see shadows of the Perfect, the Ideal. Be it so. Enough now but to know that behind those Shadows lies a great Unity, enough to hear His Voice echoed in the words of a Disciple. Enough to discern Him though imperfectly in the glowing colours of the West at sunset, in the chords of some great symphony, in the poetry of a noble soul.

Thou invisible world ever around me; how often, blinded by Maya, I grope sightless

toward thy gates, and can find no entrance. The doors of the Temple seem fast barred, no sound comes from within, "a horror of great darkness falls upon me," hiding thee from me. Alone I wait at the Temple gates in the gloom. In the silence of the night I listen in vain for a faint echo of the King's Voice. Not until the dawning of the day are my eyes opened. Then again I behold thee, my Temple, bathed in the morning light, thy gates thrown wide; thy gates that have neither bar nor key, for they are open by night and day. Softly I enter, casting the worn sandals of earth from off my feet. Within on the Veil, there ever shines in radiant light the Shadow of the King, the Master. Who shall attempt to describe even the faintest glimpse of Him? Temple, veritable ladder between earth and heaven! Vast unseen world that lies about me! Dispeller of the Unreal! Thou Portal to my Master! May my heart be pure, and the Vision of my Spirit unclouded against that hour when the Veil shall be rent, and my sight be clear as the noonday.



# THE RELIGION OF BUDDHA.



HEN Buddha was born into the world, the caste system was firmly established in India, and religion was a monopoly controlled by the sacerdotal class. Brahmanism, that magnificent edifice of profound and exalted thought, was a ruin, in the sense that the living spirit had gone out from it. Buddhism, like a vine, mantled this ancient temple with fresh verdure, conforming everywhere to the old outlines, but softening them, and making the whole bloom with new life.

A religion, in order to prevail among men. must needs become incarnate in an individual, and in the life and teachings of Gautama Buddha the austere metaphysics of Brahmanism suffered translation into a body of ideas intelligible to the mind and affecting to the heart of the common man. Christ. Buddha came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it; to open the way of salvation to every man, not merely to those of a superior caste. Buddhism was the first great Democratic religion: as Buddha himself said, "The observance of the law alone entitles to the right of belonging to my religion."

Buddhism teaches self-conquest, compassion for all living beings, and universal charity. Its four great truths are, that misery always accompanies existence; that existence results from passion or desire; that there is no escape from misery except by the restraint of passion and desire, and that freedom comes through knowledge, through love. "Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth."

Buddha, long before Browning, discerned in the life around him "infinite passion, and the pain of finite hearts that yearn!" He sought and found the remedy for that pain in the overcoming of the desire for life—in the Great Peace. "There is no losing throw like hatred; there is no pain like this body; there is no happiness higher than rest."

Repellant as this view of existence (that life in the world is limitation, and therefore evil) may be to the shallow optimist, it is a view which is confirmed, rather than contradicted, by modern science. spectacle to which science calls our attention is of one long, relentless struggle towards freedom, through a never-ending succession of finer and more efficient forms of life. In this effort a crawling lizard becomes a pinioned bird, a sore in the skin becomes a seeing eye, a plexus of nerves becomes a thinking brain, a claw becomes a hand. The will-to-live feeds on the forms of its creating, destroys and re-erects them-to what end? Buddhism answers, "freedom from fetters." But this effort towards freedom, pursued in ignorance, binds us the closer to existence, as the struggles of a bird in a net ensnare it the more surely. Buddha came to teach men how to be free. He did this by teaching them that they are free—that the same indwelling spirit, which for its own inscrutable purpose builds its prisons, can, if it will, escape from themnot by the death of bodies sick with desire for continued life, but by the cessation of desire. The breaking down of the barriers of personality, through unselfishness, as Buddha taught, and the identification of consciousness with all life, through compassion for, and kindness to all living creatures, lead away to unimagined states of blessedness and peace. This is the law. "The gift of the law exceeds all gifts; the sweetness of the law exceeds all sweetness; the delight in the law exceeds all delights."

The idea that the following of the precepts of Buddha breeds in the mind a spirit of sloth, of dolce far niente, is a false one, and founded on a misconception. It is true that many of the activities which seem important to us were from Buddha's standpoint futile, and therefore foolish. The conquest of self is a work not less arduous than that which we call the conquest of nature, but its results are more obscure. The man who has built a rower on a hill has done something which everyone may see and admire, but he who has quarried out a mine has only a hole in the ground to show for his labours.

Work, unceasing, arduous, Buddha imposed as a duty upon every disciple. He taught that every man inherited the result of his past labours, that his future status would be determined by his efforts here and now. "Not by birth is one a Brahmana, by work one is a Brahmana." "By work the world exists, by work mankind exists, beings



are bound by work as the linch pin of the rolling cart." "His good works receive him who has done good, and has gone from this work to the other." "Earnest among the thoughtless, awake among the sleepers, the wise man advances like a racer, leaving behind the hack."

The prevalent and popular conception is that Buddhism is pre-eminently a religion of pessimism, of negation, and that Nirvana, its ultimate Heaven-to use the parallel Christian term—is a condition of cessation, extinction This is one of those half-truths which are sometimes more misleading than utter error. Every religion worthy of the name is a religion of pessimism from the standpoint of the carnal and self-centred man, since it inexorably prescribes the conquest of the fleshly nature and the immolation of the lower self. But no religion can properly be called pessimistic which recognizes throughout the universe an unceasing struggle upwards out of darkness into light, out of fetters into freedom, the triumph of knowledge over ignorance, and the working out, on a stupendous scale, of a universal law of righteousness. Nirvana is the cessation, not of essential being, but of the illusory personal sense-life which obscures essential being, as vapors obscure the sun.

The King said, "Is cessation Nirvana?"
"Yes, your majesty."

"How is that, Nagesena?"

"All foolish individuals, O king, take pleasure in the senses and in the objects of sense, find delight in them, continue to cleave to them. Hence are they carried down by that flood (of human passions), they are not set free from birth, old age, and death, from grief, lamentation, pain, sorrow, and despairthey are not set free, I say, from But the wise, O king, suffering. the disciples of noble ones, neither take pleasure in these things, nor find delight in them, nor continue cleaving to them. And inasmuch as they do not, in them craving ceases, and by the cessation of craving grasping ceases, and by the cessation of grasping becoming ceases, and when becoming has ceased birth ceases, and with its cessation birth, old age, and death, grief, lamentation, pain, sorrow and despair cease to exist. Thus is cessation brought about to end all that aggregation of pain. Thus it is that cessation is Nirvana.

"And if you ask, 'How is Nirvana to be known?' It is by freedom from distress and danger, by confidence, by peace, by calm, by bliss, by happiness, by delicacy, by purity, by freshness."\*

Throughout all of the savings of Buddha there is an undercurrent of joyousness: they appear to be a record of the seeking and finding of happiness. The virtuous man, says Buddha, "delights in this world, he delights in the next, he delights in both." " If the occasion arises, friends are pleasant: enjoyment is pleasant, whatever be its cause; a good work is pleasant in the hour of death; the giving up of all grief is pleasant. Pleasant in the world is the state of a mother, pleasant is the state of a father, pleasant the state of a Samana, pleasant the state of a Brahmana." "Pleasant is virtue lasting to old age, pleasant is a faith firmly rooted; pleasant is attainment of intelligence, pleasant is avoiding of sins."

This is not the language of pessimism Buddhism is not a religion of pessimism, but a stern discipline, a little cruel, only that it may be very kind. Neither is it a religion of asceticism, if by asceticism is meant the mortification of the body. It is true that Buddha, in seeking out the way of release, practiced the severest bodily penances, but he found that they led to nothing; that salvation dwelt in the heart and in the mind. So he abandoned them. and counselled his disciples that they dwell in pleasant places, and there perform those observances which lead to health of body and to quietude of heart. He enjoined them to take due food and exercise, to toil daily in all works; to sleep and awake in due time.

The Buddhist point of view in reference to asceticism is well portrayed in the following quotation from *The Questions of King Milinda*:

The king said: "Is the body, Nagasenadear to you recluses?"

"No, they do not love the body."

"Then why do you nourish it and lavish attention upon it?"

"In all the times and places, O king, that you have gone down to battle, did you never get wounded by an arrow?"

"Yes, that has happened to me."

"In such cases, O king, is not the wound anointed with salve, and smeared with oil, and bound up in a bandage?"

"Yes, such things are done to it?"

"What then? Is the wound dear to you that you treat it so tenderly, and lavish such attention upon it?"

"No, it is not dear to me, in spite of all that, which is only done that the flesh may grow again."

"Just so, great king, with the recluses and the body. Without cleaving to it do they bear about the body for the sake of righteousness of life."

Buddhism is nothing if not practical, and while Nirvana is held out as the ultimate goal towards which all who are entered on the path should unceasingly strive, it recognises that the immediate abandonment on the part of the ordinary man, of everything and everybody he has held dear, would be not only disastrous, but abortive. Nature does not bring about her greatest miracles by cataclysms, but by a series of almost imperceptible changes. Buddhism follows the method of nature: the entering upon the Path, though it is in effect a reversal of the poles of consciousness, is often only the beginning of a gradual process of self-conquest and selfpurification which may continue not through one life merely, but through many lives. "Let a wise man blow off the impurities of himself," says the Dhamma, "as a smith blows off the impurities of silver, one by one, little by little, and from time to time." Buddha never urged men to accomplish the impossible, and his ten commandments or beatitudes for the laity are of a different tenor from his injunctions to his immediate disciples.

"To serve wise men and not to serve fools to give honour to whom honour is due:—this

<sup>\*</sup> From The Questions of King Milinda.

is the greatest blessing. To dwell in a pleasant land, to have done good deeds in a former birth, to have right desires for one's self—this is the greatest blessing. To give alms, to live righteousty, to help one's relatives, and to do blameless deeds—this is the greatest blessing. Reverence, lowliness, contentment, and gratitude, the regular hearing of the law—this is the greatest blessing."

If in this brief and cursory exposition of the essentials of Buddhism, the author has failed to make plain that it is a religion which is as true to-day as in the time of its founder; as true for the West as for the East; he has missed his point and failed of his purpose. The similarity of the ethical code of Buddhism to that taught by Christ is too obvious to require comment. To the question, "How shall we live?" both give the same answer; but to the question, "Why do we live?" Christianity gives

no adequate answer at all. This is a question which presses hard upon the modern world, which, having freed itself from the leading strings of superstition, demands a scientific religion, one which shall not only look the facts of life uncompromisingly in the face, but which shall illuminate and co-ordinate them. A scientific theory might conceivably do this, and leave unhealed the world-wound and the worldstrife unstilled: but Buddhism, while it satisfies the mind, stirs to activity also those nobler emotions of sympathy and compassion which are symbolically born into the world anew with the love of every mother for her child.

This is the essence of Buddha's message to man: "As even at the risk of her life a mother watches over her child, her only child, so let him exert good will without measure towards all beings." CLAUDE BRAGDON.

## A VISION IN THE SANCTUARY.

AST night I dreamed of a white room, with casements thrown wide open to the East. The place was filled with a sense of Divine calm; there brooded over it that Peace of God which is above all human understanding, for Spirit can only be known by Spirit. It was like a boundless garnering of Love, and Devotion, of the Prayer which is uttered in the Service of Humanity.

A red light, burning in a small lamp, hung before what seemed to me a white cloud-like curtain of mist. This was all that I could see, but from behind this veil poured great waves of Peace and Beauty, and my soul felt strangely at one with the Real and Eternal.

As I knelt alone in the silence, a light appeared in the eastern sky, and shone upon the veil, forming a great Cross which glowed with rosy light.

And One Whom I could not see, asked me: "Thou that seekest Truth, seekest thou It for thyself, or for the blind world that sleeps

so long?" And I answered: "For myself and the world."

But the voice replied: "Not so: for unless thou wouldst find It for love of thy brethren only. It will even be a snare unto thee. Shouldst thou become untainted with Desire, wert thou ready to journey through the wastes without hope of personal gain, of freedom from re-birth, shouldst thou attain to the knowledge of the Truth, know that this road is the Way of the Cross. Choose then, wilt thou still seek Wisdom for thyself, or leaving selfhood, wilt thou go forward bearing the gleaming Cross? For by Its light alone, thou mayest know the Truth, and give It to thy brethren who sit in the shadows." And I cried: "No longer Ibut Humanity!"

Then there fell a deep silence about me, and through it, I seemed to hear soft footsteps of an Unseen and Holy Presence passing into the distance; but still there gleamed the rosy Cross on the veil, and I stretched out my arms to It, and so awoke.

# THE ZEISS WORKS, JENA.

THIS business, for the manufacture of optical instruments founded in 1846 by Carl Zeiss, and began in a very humble way. For nearly thirty years, Zeiss was sole proprietor of the firm, but in 1875 he took into partnership Ernst Abbe, a scientific man who had been working with him for some years. In 1888, Abbe, a practical idealist, became sole proprietor, and during the succeeding three vears he matured his plan for changing the entire social basis of the business, desiring, as he expressed it, that in this wav "the present economic condition and satisfactory administration of both undertakings (the optical works and the glass works) shall, even in the distant future, be maintained more effectively than can in the long run be expected under private proprietorship." To this end, therefore, Abbe created the Stiftung, or Trust, which is managed by an administrative body composed of a trustee and various members of the Boards of Management of the two works. were drawn up having as their aim the guidance of the Stiftung in accordance with Abbe's ideas, which may be briefly summarised as follows:--

- (a) All those have a right to be considered as proprietors who have been concerned with the foundation of an enterprise, or who are, or will be, concerned in its maintenance and expansion.
- (b) The claims of the living are to be met by the payment of salaries or wages, profitsharing, insurance against illness and old age, etc.
- (c) The claims of the dead must next be considered, who, though they have been paid for work actually done, have not been paid for those services whose effect has outlasted their lives.
- (d) The claims of the unborn must be met also.
- (e) And, therefore, the enterprise must be its own proprietor.

The capitalist, as ordinarily understood, does not exist in this scheme. Fresh partners may be admitted, but always on the under-

standing that their share of the business is handed over to the Stiftung on their death or retirement from active business.

The most important regulation with regard to the employees is that they are left absolutely free to join any association, whether of an economic, a social, or a political character, and may also accept without any diminution of salary or wage, any honorary position in the service of the State or municipality. This liberty is granted on the assumption that it will not be abused, and the result has proved the assumption to be entirely justified.

Wages are divided into three parts:-

- (a) A time-wage, which is fixed and irreducible.
- (b) An additional wage for piece-work, the amount of which depends upon the individual.
- (c) A supplementary payment, depending on the prosperity of the business.

No man may receive a salary higher than ten times the average amount earned annually by a worker twenty-four years of age and over, and with at least three years' employ in the firm. This makes the maximum salaries at present about £900 per annum, and though this means that for highly advanced scientific workers the salary attainable is lower than that paid by other firms, yet it is in accordance with the whole spirit of the Zeiss firm that there shall not be too violent contrasts, thus emphasising the spirit of brotherhood. To Abbe the proportion expressed by the ratio of 1:10 seemed already large enough. The supplementary payments vary from 5 to 10 per cent.

In 1900, the employees of the optical works were asked if they would try the eight-hour day, and would undertake to get through the same amount of work, and thus earn the same amount, as in the nine-hour day. The experiment was interesting. At first the employees worked very hard, so as to avoid loss of wages. This resulted in much more being done than had been the case before in the longer day; there was

over-strain, and the men asked to go back to the nine-hour day. They were, however, encouraged to go on with the shorter day a little longer, and to take it less strenuously, and the ultimate result has been that the strain passed off, and the workers settled down to doing in the eight-hour day what they had previously done in the nine-hour, and even a little more. The working hours extend, in summer, from 7 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. and from 1.30 p.m. to 5 p.m., and in winter from 8 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 p.m. to 5 p.m. "Overtime is only allowed under exceptional conditions, and must be correspondingly paid for: on the other hand, however, if the workers are put on short time, which can only occur under very exceptional circumstances, no reduction is made from the full wage."

There are also, in connection with the firm, a sick-fund, employees being able to choose their own doctor, and a pension statute, the claims being enforceable at law. The pension varies according to the length of employ, from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of a man's wages or salary. Widows of emplovees are entitled to forty per cent., and orphans twenty per cent., of the pension to which the husband or father would have been entitled, provided the whole does not exceed eighty per cent. of the pension. A special reserve has been created to meet the pensions, the total amount of which is increased annually in a definite proportion to the profits of the business. Employees contribute a little towards widows' and orphans' fund, but not towards their own pensions.

Any employee who receives dismissal through no fault of his own, after three years' service in the firm, is entitled to compensation amounting to half a year's salary or wage, and to a quarter of the pension to which his length of service has entitled him.

If he has been less than three years in the firm, the compensation and pension are correspondingly less. The idea of this scheme is to provide the discharged workman with the means of tiding over a temporarily bad time, and securing him leisure to seek other employment.

Ten or eleven days' holiday in the year are permitted, without reduction of wages.

A savings bank has been instituted by the firm, into which sums up to £50 annually can be paid, receiving five per cent. interest.

Baths are on the premises (cold, Russian vapour, shower, and massage), open free eight hours daily. Each workman is allowed half-an-hour a week for a bath, and forty thousand are taken annually.

In addition to all this, the firm has taken part in the civic life of the town, has endowed the Physico-technical and the Chemicotechnical Institutes of the University, granting altogether sums that by 1904 already amounted to nearly a hundred thousand pounds. The People's Institute, a fine building in the Carl-Zeiss Platz, serving the purpose of museum, library, and public reading room, and containing, besides two lecture-halls, a large hall for public meetings, an Art gallery, rooms for artists, photographers, and musicians, has been built and endowed by the firm, and presented to the town.

This is a brief account of the aims and realisations of the Zeiss firm. That such a work could have been carried out, is an inspiration to all who know of it, and the passionate loyalty of all its employees is a proof of how the workers respond to human treatment. Those interested in the promotion of co-partnership ideals in England would, I think, do well to study the methods of Ernst Abbe, methods which have stood the test of nearly twenty years' working.

"The iron of human nature must be put into the melting-pot of discipline, hammered on the anvil of asceticism, and then handed over to the polishing agency of the Divine love, so that the latter may cleanse it of all

material impurities. It then becomes a mirror capable of reflecting the spiritual world, and may fitly be used by the King for the beholding of His own image."

-From the Theosophy of Islam.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

#### A WELCOME LITTLE BOOK.

Of interest to very many members of the Order of the Star in the East will be a little volume, recently issued in the "Riddle of Life "series, from the pen of Mr. G. Herbert Whyte, entitled, Is Theosophy Anti-Christian. Mr. Whyte, in his opening chapter, runs over a few of the common objections to Theosophy made by Christians who have not really studied its teachings, e.g. (a) that it leads people away from a sane view of life; (b) that it lessens the dignity of the Master; (c) that it interferes directly with the work of missionaries in India and elsewhere; (d) that it leads its adherents away from Christianity; and shows how unfounded, or how misconceived, these are. With regard to the last charge, that Theosophy takes people away from Christianity, he refers to the remarkable testimony collected, not very long ago, by a Christian clergyman, who is himself a member of the Theosophical Society. This gentleman published an appeal asking members of the Society to communicate with him who had-as the result of Theosophical study—

- (a) Returned to Christianity after having practically abandoned it;
- (b) Come, without having fully abandoned it, to a fuller and more vital apprehension of the meaning of its doctrines;
- (c) Come to such an apprehension from original Agnosticism;
- (d) As members of the Church of England, come to a strong conviction of the power and reality of the sacraments of the Church.

Within three weeks of the publication of this equest, he received no less than two hundred and twenty-three letters, selections from which he intends to publish in the near future, showing, as they do (in his words), the value of Theosophy, "not only in reconciling students of it intellectually to their religion, but in giving help for daily

life, in solving the darkest problems of existence, in removing the fear of death, in restoring faith, peace and hope, and in quickening a sense of the Presence of God and of the greatness, nearness, and living reality here and now of the Christ Himself."

All these things we are made to feel, very vividly, as Mr. Whyte, in the brief series of chapters which make up his little book, proceeds to expound the theosophical interpretation of Christian doctrine. As the light of Theosophy is brought to bear upon one familiar doctrine after another, the reader is made conscious of a new beauty, a deeper poetry, an unguessed-of application to life, in what had been before, in a large measure, a formulæ from which the meaning and inspiration had departed through custom and misunderstanding. This part of his task Mr. Whyte performs admirably, for his exposition has the force and freshness which belong to original thought, and has, further, the merit of being wonderfully winning and persuasive without being argumentative. Particularly beautiful are the two chapters, "The Christ as God." and "The Christ as Man," which, we are sure, will be read with surprised pleasure even by those who are old students of Theosophical literature. The general effect of the book is to make us feel, almost with shock, how much we had missed in Christianity, owing to the loss of a true key of interpretation. Mr. Whyte has done a good service to Christianity, as he has done a good service, also, to the Theosophical cause in Western lands. We are only sorry that he should have introduced, as an appendix to his book, a long quotation from a pamphlet by another hand. This is written in the awkward form of three parallel columns, each filled with tabulated and enumerated propositions, and breaks in rather painfully upon the smooth and sequential argument and the literary charm of Mr. Whyte's portion of the book. We hope that in the next edition of his work this appendix will

be omitted, valuable though it may be, in its own place, as a summary of the dry bones of the controversy.

The Herald of the Star is, as is well known to our readers, not a theosophical organ, just as the Order of the Star in the East, although it includes many Theosophists, is not a Theosophical Order, but includes all, of whatever creed or school of thought, who have the belief in the near coming of a great spiritual Teacher. We have drawn the attention of our readers to Mr. Whyte's book not because it is theosophical, but, rather, because it is an able and significant contribution to that larger and more mystical interpretation of the world's great religions and their scriptures, which is preparing those religions for the new wine which the coming World-Teacher will pour into them. A book of this kind is thus on the direct line of preparation for the future, and deserves recognition as such. For the great Teacher comes to illumine, not to destroy; and all are His servants and coworkers, who strive to let in a little of the light of the open heaven upon the dark and dusty chambers of dogma and tradition. We congratulate Mr. Whyte upon a very helpful piece of work.

A significant sign of the times, and of the way in which things spiritual are nowadays beginning to reclaim their natural place in our common life, is furnished by the Report on "Spiritual Healing" recently issued by the eminent committee of ecclesiastics and medical men appointed to investigate that The members of the Committee subject. The Dean of Westminster (Dr. were: Herbert Ryle); the chairman, Sir Dyce Duckworth; the vice-chairman, Rev. W. G. Cameron; Rev. Canon W. V. Childe, the Dean of Durham, the Dean of St. Paul's, Rev. Professor G. E. Newson, Rev. Prebendary the Hon. J. Stafford-Northcote, the Bishop of Stepney, Rev. A. W. Robinson, Rev. W. M. Sinclair, and the following medical men: Stanley Bousfield, Charles Buttar, W. McAdam Eccles, F. de Havilland Hall. Theo. B. Hyslop, H. G. GordonMackenzie, J. A. Onmerod, Sir R. Douglas-Powell, Howard H. Tooth, Sir T. Clifford Allbutt (hon. member).

The Committee, says the *Church Times*, held nineteen sittings, and the following seven questions were sent to each witness invited to attend:—

- 1. What do you understand by "spititual" healing?
- 2. Do you make any distinction between "spiritual" healing and "mental" healing?
- 3. Do you connect the "spiritual" healing of the present day with the gifts of healing in the Apostolic Church?
- 4. Do you regard moral excellence in either the healer or the healed as an essential condition for "spiritual" healing?
- 5. Do you consider that religious faith on the part of the sick person is essential to healing by "spiritual" means?
- 6. Have you personal knowledge of any cases where any organic disease has been healed by "spiritual" or "mental" influences alone?
- 7. Do you consider that "spiritual" healing should be exercised apart from both medical diagnosis and supervision?

The conclusions of the Committee, drawn from their consideration of the evidence put before them, are briefly as follows:—

They fully recognise that the operation of the Divine power can be limited only by the Divine Will, and desire to express their belief in the efficacy of prayer. They reverently believe, however, that the Divine Power is exercised in conformity with, and through the operation of, natural laws. With the advancing knowledge of these laws, increasing benefits are being secured for mankind through human instrumentality. Especially is this the case in regard to the healing of disorders of body and mind.

They consider that spiritual ministration

should be recognised equally with medical ministration as carrying God's blessing to the sick, and as His duly appointed means for the furtherance of their highest interests.

The Committee are of opinion that the physical results of what is called "faith" or "spiritual" healing do not prove on investigation to be different from those of mental healing or healing "by suggestion."

They are forced to the conclusion that "faith" or "spiritual" healing, like all treatment by suggestion, can be expected to be permanently effective only in cases of "functional" disorders—as distinct from organic ailments. The alleged exceptions are so disputable that they cannot be taken into account.

The Committee would emphasise this point in order to warn those who resort to "healers" in the hope of receiving a permanent cure that they may thereby be postponing until too late the medical treatment which might serve to arrest organic disease.

The above conclusions represent a praiseworthy blending of scientific caution with a recognition of the operation of powers and methods higher than the physical; and it is in this latter aspect that they are chiefly important, as showing the trend of modern The committee, it must be remembered, were dealing with matters of which, probably, very few, if any, of its members had had personal experience; the actual experience belonging to witnesses summoned from outside. It is improbable, also, that, in most of the cases in which cures were said to have been effected by spiritual means, there remained any ground, except the bare statement of the healer, or of medically unskilled persons, on which the Committee could satisfy itself as to the precise degree and nature of the malady previous to the commencement of the healing operations. We can understand, therefore, the feeling which prompted them to the

conclusion that "no satisfactorily certified case was adduced of any organic disease. competently diagnosed as such, which had been cured through these means alone." On the other hand, there were several witnesses who claimed that they had themselves worked cures in cases of organic disease; Lord Sandwich, for example, stating that he had, amongst other things, cured cancer. blindness, and paralysis. Before such a Committee, however, faced with the task of giving a responsible and weighty judgment upon a difficult and unexplored subject, cures of this kind had necessarily to be subjected to the strictest conventional tests of evidence; but we hope that, in future, Lord Sandwich and others will, before beginning a difficult "cure," take care to have the case submitted to a thoroughly competent official diagnosis. For the present they must be satisfied with the great advance in modern opinion, exemplified by the Committee's Report. The corner has been turned, and ten years hence the conclusions of a responsible committee will certainly go very much further than those which we have quoted.

One point remains to be noted. prominent bacteriologist, we are informed, thought it "a great pity the Church should mix itself up with what does not really concern it." But surely the express command given by the Founder of the Christian Church to His disciples was that they should go forth and preach the gospel and heal the sick; and we know that the ministration of the sick was among the regular duties of the elders of the early Church. In fact, if we look back through the records of the human race, we find that from time immemorial the two offices, of priest and healer, have gone together. To-day they are separated, but the mere existence of the phenomenon of "spiritual healing," and the recognition of its claim to a special investigation, show that gradually the two functions are beginning to creep together again. Who knows that, in the great dawn of the Spirit which is before, the twain may not be finally united, and the Priest-Physician once more stand forth as the healer of the souls and bodies of men?

### THE PROBLEM OF INDIAN STUDENTS IN ENGLAND.

A representative body of Indian students, resident in the United Kingdom, recently passed a resolution stating that they did not require, and would no longer submit to, the official guardianship arrangements at present imposed upon them by the India Office. At the time of writing, the action of the authorities, in view of this pronouncement, is still awaited; but it is clear that the position must be, for them, both difficult and embarrassing. The crisis is not a sudden one, but has been brewing for a long time. Anyone at all in touch with Indian students in this country must have been aware, from the first, of the feelings of the student community towards the system of official guardianship. Informed, as this system is, we must suppose, with a desire to help, there is yet about it that taint of officialdom which the modern Indian has learnt, rightly or wrongly, to distrust. Indian students themselves construe the whole arrangement merely as a mode of more or less effective espionage, concealed under a fair exterior of friendship and goodwill; and this feeling is strengthened in them, firstly, by the obvious discouragement which the authorities, both in India and in England, have come of late to extend towards Indians desiring to pursue their studies in this country, and further by the fact that those students, who do not care to make use of the supervisory machinery supplied by the India Office, find, particularly if they wish to enter one or other of the great Universities, every kind of obstacle placed in their way. It is clear that, of recent years, an understanding generally inimical to Indians has been come to between the India Office and the Heads of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge; one result of which has been that no college in Oxford, for example, will now receive more than two Indians in any one year. Those students, moreover, who are received, are practically compelled to place themselves under the guardianship of an official, resident in the University town, and appointed by the India Office. This gentleman has the right to demand fro 1 each young man a substantial deposit, and in this way establishes a general hold upon the student's life and movements; and there are few Indian students who do not feel this compulsory placing of their affairs in the hands of a stranger to be both galling and insulting to their dignity. Even were its disadvantages balanced by any real help given, the whole system, marking off, as it does, the Indian student from students of every other nationality, would remain unwelcome and unpalatable. As things actually are, its distastefulness is increased by the experience of nearly every student, who has allowed himself to be drawn into the meshes of the system, that the disadvantages and the impediments far outweigh any little advantage and assistance that it secures. And that being so, the philanthropic professions of the system naturally exasperate rather than placate.

The problem is, as we have said, a difficult one; and its difficulty is increased by the fact that there are individuals, men and women, actively concerned in this system of supervision, who undoubtedly wish it to be a help to the young men whom it affects, and who are only remotely, if at all, interested in what may be called the "police" aspects of the arrangement. It would seem as though these people were inevitably doomed to a disappointment which some of them will, naturally, feel very keenly. They are working as the instruments of an authority which every Indian instinctively distrusts; they are compelled, in order to do their work, to single out the Indian for treatment which is extended to no other section of our student community; and they must face, as a perpetual obstacle in their way, that dislike and contempt for Indians, as such, which is well-nigh universal among English-speaking people. The Indian is shut out from our Colonies, he is looked down upon in his own country by the dominant race, and when he comes over to England he is insulted in all kinds of ways. Hardly an hotel of the better kind will receive him; at Oxford his life is made miserable by his fellow undergraduates; at

the Inns of Court his English fellow-students will not sit at table with him; the hospitals are being shut against him: and he moves about everywhere as an alien, unliked and unwelcomed. And vet, if he would enter the Indian Civil Service, if he would be called to Bar, if he would take a really substantial Degree in Medicine, he must perforce make a journey to Europe, in order that he may find over here what is shut off from him in his own country. No honest man can deny that his lot is a hard one; nor can any clear-minded thinker fail to see that the contempt and dislike of the white race for the brown race is the true and fundamental Indian problem. Talk with any educated Indian for a few minutes on general Indian questions, and he is sure to come back, sooner or later, to this. It is, indeed, the one subject upon which all educated Indians are agreed; and it is a subject upon which the Indian sensitiveness is such as would hardly be conceived by those who have not some first-hand experience of modern Indian thought. It is clear to the outside observer that the arrangements made for the supervision of Indian students in this country have failed for the simple reason that they have, from the very beginning, both on account of their intrinsic character and of the way in which, in not a few cases, they have been administered, touched the young Indian on his most sensitive spot. problem before the authorities, if they would have a system of control and supervision, is to reconcile it with the dignity and selfrespect of those for whom it is devised; and this is a problem which, we venture to think, no official authority will ever satis-

factorily solve. The modern mind cannot reasonably suspect a Public Office of disinterested benevolence; and such an Office must inevitably, so far as its ethical estimation is concerned, be tarred with the brush of the prevailing bureaucratic standards of its time. Public sentiment must, we fear, continue to be sceptical as to any system of "official friendship" for Indian students resident in England. Any such system must necessarily strike hollow, until the general attitude towards Indians in this country, and in the Empire as a whole, has become very different from what it is. The only thing which can ever solve the problem is the educating of British racial pride and insularity up to a truly enlightened, statesmanlike and imperial point of view. For the true Imperialism implies the catholic and humane virtues; and to possess a people's land without possessing their hearts, to welcome their wealth while rejecting themselves, belongs to the bad, old, benighted Imperialism which a world grown wiser must ere long, let us hope, leave behind.

Meanwhile, all English men and women who do not share in the prevailing colour prejudice. would do well to show to Indians, sojourning in England, all possible comradeship and respect. Only through those who are brave enough to set an example can the right and proper way of thinking and acting gradually come about. Great need is there for such an effort, since there is, from many points of view, no question more vital at the present moment than that of the position and prestige of our Indian fellow-subjects.

#### FROM FRANCE.

#### SECTION D'ART.

Depuis le mois de Janvier dernier les membres de l'Ordre de L'Etoile d'Orient ont créé une "Section d'Art" à la Société Théosophique de Paris. Ils se réunissent régulièrement dans un but artistique avec leurs frères théosophes ou simplement avec tout idéaliste, l'Art étant le terrain d'entente par excellence où doivent se rencontrer tous

ceux qui cherchent en lui la Lumière, l'envisageant comme un des moyens par lesquels Dieu se révèle à l'homme.

Nous vivons à une époque particulièrement intéressante, où nous voyons poindre toute une nouvelle génération se composant d'artistes sincères, qui dans des domaines encore inexplorés sont à la recherche d'un Idéal nouveau. La Section d'Art se propose donc :

1° D'encourager tout effort artistique, toute production nouvelle digne d'attirer l'attention.

2° D'influencer ceux chez qui l'ingéniosité et l'habileté du métier dépassent infiniment l'inspiration.

3° Elle tâchera de développer autant que possible la "conscience" de l'artiste en lui rappelant à quelle source il doit puiser son inspiration et quelle est la grandeur de sa mission: élever l'humanité en lui révèlant sans cesse l'Harmonie, la Vie et l'Unité.

Nous sentons que nous traversons une période confuse (période de transition), où l'artiste s'agite et se débat tout en poursuivant fébrilement ses recherches inquiètes.

Pressentant l'Aube Nouvelle, la "Section d'Art" s'efforcera de devenir un "centre" nouveau, où l'Ideal de l'Art pourra se renouveler, se transformer, avant de devenir pour certains d'entre nous la Religion émouvante de l'Avenir.

## LA "LIGUE FRANÇAISE."

Un comité composé de personnalités appartenant à toutes les branches de l'énergie nationale et représentant en quelque sorte la conscience même du pays, s'est réuni le 1<sup>er</sup> Avril dernier à la Salle du Comité Dupleix sous la présidence de M. Ernest Lavisse.

Ce comité a décidé la formation d'une "Ligue française."

Voici quelques extraits de la déclarationprogramme de la Ligue:

"La 'Ligue Française' fait appel aux Français qui, au-dessus de tous les partis, mettent l'amour de la Patrie et la volonté de la servir.

"Elle défendra la vitalité française contre les dangers qui la menacent. Elle prêtera son aide aux sociétés qui luttent contre la dépopulation, contre l'alcoolisme et ses effets meurtriers. Elle imposera au Parlement le souci de la santé nationale.

"Elle propagera l'amour de la patrie par des publications et par des réunions tenues à Paris et en province. Elle veut donner à tous les Français la conscience claire de la dignité et de la grandeur de la France. . . ."

"... Nos discordes politiques et religieuses s'exaspèrent, et beaucoup s'en inquiètent

presque jusqu'à désespérer.

"La 'Ligue Française' qui s'abstiendra de toute polémique politique ou religieuse ignorera ce qui divise; elle mettra en lumière et en vigueur le sentiment qui, malgré des dissensions inévitables dans un pays libre, nous rassemble dans le culte de la patrie.

"Elle veut persuader à la nation française qu'une France unie dans la foi patriotique n'a rien à redouter de qui que ce soit.

"Elle prêchera la confiance et l'espérance." Le Siège social de la nouvelle Ligue est à Paris, 26, Rue de Grammont.

I.M.

